

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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### EXPLOSION OF THE ST. NICHOLAS.

On Sunday the 24th April, the steamboat St. Nicholas, a regular packet boat between St. Louis and New Orleans, exploded her boilers, causing death and injuries of a most frightful character to a large number of her passengers.



EXCITEMENT OF THE LADIES ON THE ALARM OF FIRE.



MISS KENNEDY CLINGING BY A RINGBOLT TO THE WRECK.

The accident happened at Island 60, about seven miles below the scene of the destruction of the Pennsylvania. The vessel and cargo were a total loss; the boat having taken fire and burnt to the water's edge immediately after the explosion. The number of lives lost would have been largely increased but

for the fortunate circumstance that the steamer Susquehanna was but a few miles below at the time of the explosion, and she was soon alongside the wreck, and rendered all the assistance that was possible in saving those who escaped injury and in rescuing the



A LADY JUMPING WITH HER TWO CHILDREN FROM THE BURNING VESSEL.



BURNING OF THE ST. NICHOLAS ON THE MISSOURI RIVER—HORRIBLE FATE OF CAPTAIN MACMULLEN.



sufferers. The Susquehanna took the wounded, sixteen in number, to Memphis, nearly all of whom are either with their friends at private residences, at the hotels or in charge of their brethren of the Order of the Sons of Malta. But one sufferer was sent to the hospital.

The following painfully interesting statement was made by the pilot of the ill-fated St. Nicholas, Mr. James Reid:

"The captain was the only person with me in the pilot-house at the time of the explosion. We were both at the wheel and conversing. I remember distinctly of hearing a report like that of a cannon, and instantaneously felt myself moving through the air. When I recovered my senses I found myself down among the boilers. When the steam and smoke cleared away a little I commenced crawling towards the roof; in doing so I came across Captain McMullen, lying with his right foot under the hurricane roof, pilot-house, and a lot of other rubbish which had been thrown together in one common mass by the explosion. His right foot and ankle was wedged in tightly by this heavy mass of lumber. He hailed me, and I stopped to assist him; at the same time I called the second mate, whom I saw near at hand, to my assistance, and we both tried all the means in our power to release him.

"While endeavoring to release the captain one of the striker engineers came to our assistance, but the three of us failed to extricate him from his awful position. The flames were rapidly encroaching upon our territory, and the heat was becoming intolerable. Captain McMullen begged us to cut his leg off, but we could find no axe nor any other instrument by which to do so. We worked at the captain until the fire drove us away—he begging us all the time to remain by him. We did not leave him until the moment arrived when to remain any longer would have been certain death to all of us, without the possibility of relieving the captain. He was consumed by the flames almost before our eyes. The last words he uttered were, 'My God, I shall have to burn up!' When we saw that he would have to burn, he bade us seek our own safety. I succeeded in reaching the ladies' cabin before the fire closed up that way of escape."

Captain McMullen leaves behind him a young wife and infant, at present residing in St. Louis. His wife is inconsolable, and she continually exclaims, "Oh, I shall ever hear him crying for help!"

One of the most affecting incidents of this entire tragedy occurred in the conduct of Miss Kennedy. She was thrown by the explosion from her state-room into the river and floated down to the stern of the boat, when she caught her hand in one of the rings attached to the hull, and hung in that perilous dilemma, when death stood threatening upon either hand. To loose her hold was to sink into the waves, and to hold on was to burn with the wreck to which she was clinging—every moment being an age of alternating hope and despair. She remained in this position until the flames actually burned the hair and skin from her head—the only part of her body above the water, except the hand by which she clung to the wreck, and that was burned to a crisp.

It is a remarkable coincidence that, just before the accident occurred, Captain McMullen, a Mr. Reynolds, from Sioux City, Iowa, and a gentleman from Warrenton, Mississippi, were in the pilot-house together, engaged in conversation in reference to the disaster to the steamer Pennsylvania, which occurred in the same locality. The gentleman from Warrenton was a firm believer in the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination—qualifying the expression with the statement that he hoped he was always prepared to meet his fate, whatever that fate might be. The particular conversation had not closed when the boat was blown into a thousand atoms, and none of the party in the pilot-house were saved but the pilot, Mr. Reid.

Among those who are known to be lost are Captain McMullen, the commander of the St. Nicholas; Mrs. Glime, the estimable wife of the first clerk; the first and second engineers; thirteen of the deck hands and firemen, a number of the cabin crew, and many of the cabin and deck passengers—in all about sixty persons.

Many more are so badly scalded that it is next to impossible that they can recover, so that the total number of lives lost will not fall far short of one hundred.

The St. Nicholas was owned by Captain Reeder of St. Louis, and Captain B. V. Glime, the clerk. She was built at Pittsburgh seven years ago this coming autumn. She had been refitted recently at a heavy expense. She was worth perhaps about \$20,000.

There was not much money or many valuables in the safe of the boat, and the pecuniary losses were confined principally to the shippers.

## DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

**A Young Lawyer Shoots Himself.**—Mr. Francis J. Q. Umsted, a young lawyer, who had an office in Wall street, and who resided in Eighteenth street, adjoining the Clarendon Hotel, shot himself on Wednesday morning with a revolver, but whether purposely or through accident is unknown. The ball passed into the right ear, producing instant death. It was very little after seven o'clock when the shooting occurred. He arose a few minutes previous, dressed himself, took from a shelf a pistol case containing one of Colt's revolvers, and commenced examining it, as he had frequently done before. Mrs. Umsted was still in bed. She told him to be careful in handling the pistol, as he might harm himself. The deceased went into a parlor adjoining, and almost immediately Mrs. Umsted heard the report of a pistol. Jumping out of bed, she ran into the parlor, and saw her husband sitting in a large arm chair, life extinct. Coroner O'Keefe held an inquest on the body. Mrs. Umsted was the only witness examined aside from the medical evidence. She told the story given above, and added that she knew of no cause that should have incited him to commit suicide. He had never threatened to take his life; his domestic relations were of the happiest kind; and he was laboring under no pecuniary embarrassments that she was aware of. The jury rendered a verdict, ascribing his death to a pistol-shot wound received at his own hands, but whether from accident or design they were unable to say. The deceased was only twenty-five years old, and leaves two children—one an infant but a few months old. He was a graduate of Yale College, of strictly moral and temperate habits, and possessed talents of a high order.

Our readers will no doubt remember that some time in March, 1858, Mr. Barnes, a lawyer in Wall street, and whose office was in the same building as Mr. Umsted's, was shot at by the latter gentleman as he was descending the stairs. Mr. Barnes, who was a stranger to his assailant, lodged a complaint against him, and Umsted gave bail for \$3,000 to answer it, but the case never went to trial. It was whispered at the time that Mr. Barnes had formerly been an unsuccessful suitor of the present Mrs. Umsted.

**Speedy Justice.**—Oscar F. Jackson, who murdered Wallace, was lynched by a mob in Rockford, Minn. He took refuge in a house, was drawn out by fire kindled about it, and then hung to the gable end of a cabin. They let him down twice; the first time he addressed the crowd, protesting his innocence of the murder of Wallace. The second time he made strong but ineffectual efforts to speak, seeing which the crowd ran him up again to the rafters, choking him until he was dead, dead, dead! While in the hands of the mob he said Wallace had made an attempt to seduce his wife, but made no direct confession.

**Threw his Wife Out of the Window.**—The other day a stavedore, named Thomas Steele, of 26 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, threw his wife out of the second story rear window, whereby she sustained injuries of such a nature that it is not expected that she will recover. They had been quarrelling the whole day, and she, it appears, was seated on the window sill, when he gave her a violent push and she fell out. She was picked up insensible, but recovered sufficiently to state the circumstances as herewith detailed. Steele is represented as a hard-working, sober man, and his wife as a hard drinker. It is stated, on his part, that she fell out, and that he was not near her at the time. He was arrested by officer Powers of the Third Precinct Police, and locked up to answer.

**Thought Better of It.**—On Monday night a passenger on the boat leaving Staten Island was observed in a state of high excitement. He hurried from cabin to cabin, declaring that he would drown himself. The ladies on board were much alarmed, and there was a general disturbance. The captain, finding it impracticable to restrain him, finally resolved to humor his fancy; a rope was accordingly attached to his person, after which he plunged overboard. His mind now underwent a sudden transformation; he paddled lustily about in mortal terror to avoid sinking; and finally besought to be permitted to come on board. After being allowed ample time to cool down, the signal was given, and the suicide was hauled on board, willing to live. He meekly quietly into a corner, and was glad to disembark at New York.

**Horrible Accident.**—A most horrible occurrence happened at the Belle River station of the Great Western Railway on Wednesday, by which the wife of the station-master lost her life. The facts, as we learn them from parties direct from that place, are as follows: Some painters were about commencing a job of painting the railway company at the station, and were preparing their oil for the purpose. A large kettle or caldron was arranged in one of the

apartments of the station-house, which they had filled with oil, and were boiling. They had left it for a short time to attend to some other matters, when some part of it ran over and took fire on the stove, which was very hot. Mrs. Taylor, the wife of the station-master, was the only person in the house at the time, except a child, and fearing that it would set the house on fire, set to work to put it out. In doing this, by some jar or shake given the stove, the pipe parted. She then got a chair, and, placing it beside the stove, stepped upon it to adjust the pipe, when the chair tipped, and she fell headforemost into the boiling oil.

The oil that was displaced by the immersion of the woman commenced blazing upon the stove, and the flames soon communicated to that upon the floor, and the room was instantly filled with fire and smoke. The child commenced screaming with terror and ran out of the house. Her cries attracted the attention of the painters, who were at no great distance away, and who ran to the house, supposing the building to be on fire. A few buckets of water, however, speedily put out the fire on the floor, and then for the first time did they notice the horrible position of Mrs. Taylor. She was at once taken out, but, of course, was lifeless. The upper portion of her body, with her head, was literally boiled, the hair falling off, and the flesh parting with every touch. Her clothes had taken fire from the flames, burning the other portions of her body in a most shocking manner. In fact, the remains presented an unrecognizable mass of burned flesh and bones that were sickening to look upon.

**A New Plan of Divorce.**—A man named Arthur, being tired of his wife, bit upon the following ingenious plan of effecting a separation: Taking his wife with him, he got into a boat to go down the river (Missouri) to call upon a business acquaintance. A long sand bar near the Missouri shore could not be passed by the boat, so Arthur, securing it there, remarked that he would swim the narrow stream intervening, transact his business on the river bank, and return in a few moments. As he was an old boatman and an excellent swimmer, the proposition met with no opposition from his wife, and he plunged into the current. For a short distance he swam rapidly and easily, but then seemed to become suddenly cramped, threw up his arms and sank, his hat floating down the stream. In a few seconds he arose to the surface, struggling there a moment, then sank again as if drowning, and appeared no more. The shrieks of Mr. Arthur soon brought several men in skiffs to the spot, and they spent a day and a half in searching for the remains. They were unsuccessful, but bodies are seldom found in the strong current of the Missouri, near the drowning. The grief of the widow was very poignant. But time, the great healer of all wounds, calmed her, and finally the estate was settled, and the little property of Arthur secured to her and her children. But it has since been discovered that he sank intentionally, swam several rods under water, came up and breathed a moment in a little inlet, again swam under water down the stream, and reached the shore unperceived. There he amused himself for a time watching the parties who were searching for his corpse; then went into the country two miles, where he procured a hat and spent the night with a confidential friend; travelled across Missouri and Illinois to Indiana; settled in a little village there, and married again.

**Felonious Crinolines.**—It was discovered in Detroit, recently, that eight servant girls, belonging to one of the large hotels of that city, had been for some time in the habit of stealing hams, legs of mutton, glass and crockery ware, bed clothing, table linen, provisions, and no end of small trumpery, and conveying them from the house, under cover of their petticoats, by means of large bags attached to their hoops. In a receiving shop they had accumulated a large quantity of abstracted property, and one of the girls confessed to an attempt to carry out a half barrel of beer in the above manner, but failed for want of a second half-barrel to balance her "patent extension" on the other side.

**The Peruvian Murders.**—Horatio Gates Jones, who was murdered a few weeks since in Valparaiso, by a body of Government soldiers, was born in Canada, the eldest son of Nathaniel Jones, Esq., a partner in the firm of Horatio Gates & Co., of Montreal. A love of adventure induced him, at early age, to leave home, and he went to South America, since which time he has been a resident of Valparaiso, where he married a native of the country. His kindness of heart and generous disposition secured him numerous attached friends in the land of his nativity as well as that of his adoption.

**Lager Beer.**—The Milwaukee Sentinel has been gathering the lager beer statistics of that city. It appears from its figures that there was manufactured in that city, during the last year, 49,800 barrels of lager; and of ale and other kinds of beer, 4,000; making an aggregate of 53,800 barrels, which, at \$7 a barrel, amounts to the very respectable sum of \$376,600. To produce this amount of beer, &c., requires 164,409 bushels of barley, and 107,600 pounds of hops.

**Death of Dr. Henry Abbott.**—By the Niagara we have received letters from Egypt, announcing the death of Dr. Henry Abbott, at Kar-el-Aish, on the 30th of March last. Dr. Abbott was well known to all the world as the founder of the Egyptian collection, now in this city, and to all his friends as a gentleman of the highest social qualifications and reliable integrity, one who will never be forgotten by those who have shared his friendship and hospitality, and we know that there are many such in this city. In his profession he was esteemed greatly, and as an untiring antiquarian he had few equals, and certainly fewer still who have rendered so much real service. Dr. Abbott has been in declining health for over a year, and the death of his brother, Dr. George Abbott, in January last, at Cairo, struck a blow from which he could not recover. He leaves a brother residing in this city, and a sister, married to Mr. Stewart Brown, of the firm of Brown Brothers & Co., bankers, of this city.

**A Strange Affair.**—On Tuesday evening, an attempt was made by a woman, Mrs. K., to take the life of a Mr. L., of Fourth street, near South-first street, E. D. of Brooklyn, with a pistol, on the corner of South-second and Fourth streets. The attempt was not successful, nor was the pistol fired off, but after she had vented her rage in words, the woman left the scene and returned to her home.

The circumstances of the case appear to be as follows: Some three months since the wife of Mr. L. left her husband and four children, and went to live in a house in South-fifth street, near Tenth, with the woman, Mrs. K., who has a husband in the medical profession in New York, and an uncle of Mrs. L. It was soon ascertained that the two women were in the habit of receiving the visits of Mr. A., a gentleman holding an important position in the Eastern District Fire Department. After remaining in this house for a time, they removed to a house in Clymer street, near Kent avenue, where this Mr. A. spent a great part of his time, notwithstanding he had a wife in Williamsburg. Sunday morning, Mr. L. met his wife, Mrs. K. and Mr. A. returning from a theatre, and, according to his wife, endeavored to effect a reconciliation for the sake of his children. She refused to have anything to do with him, and left him. Tuesday, Mr. L. went to the wife of Mr. A., and informed her of the conduct of her husband with these women. In the evening, on Mr. L.'s return from work, he was met by his wife and Mrs. K., and the latter drew a pistol from her bosom, and threatened to blow out his brains unless he immediately retracted what he had said to Mrs. A. concerning her character. His wife also had a knife with which she threatened to annihilate him unless he submitted. He refused, and after a few moments his wife left, followed by Mrs. K. L. informed Captain Wagon, of the Fifth Precinct, and was advised to make complaint before Justice Fox, but has concluded not to do so at present.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

The Persia's news is up to the 30th of April.

### The Great War.

There is no question that the Austrians have crossed the Ticino, the river that separates Piedmont from Lombardy. The number stated is 120,000 men. Their object is to crush the Sardinians before they can be joined by the French. In the meantime the French are pushing their troops with all dispatch to the aid of their allies, and 60,000 French troops have been transported to Genoa by sea. The most significant fact by the Persia is the alliance between France and Russia, which appears to be intended as a set-off against England and Prussia, whose armed neutrality was rapidly drifting into hostility to France. The London Times says:

"By the first treaty Russia binds herself, in the event of France being at war with Austria, to assist France by the co-operation of her fleets in the Baltic and the Mediterranean, and moreover, to place an army of observation, of not less than 50,000, on the Austrian frontier. This is the first treaty, and it is obviously directed immediately against England. France can have nothing to fear against the navy of Austria. If she seeks to strengthen herself at sea, it must be against some first-class naval power, and what other is there than England? The treaty is an agreement between France and Russia to unite the fleets of the two empires in order to keep the navy of England in check, while one or both of the contracting parties may be engaged in effecting some object hostile to the interest or the security of Great Britain. It is plain that the parties to this compact do not count upon the neutrality of England; and the existence of this precautionary treaty is, in itself, a proof that the enterprises which are thus to be protected are such as it would be impossible for England to allow to pass unchallenged.

"The Russian army of observation is no less significant than the unity of the imperial navies. This corps will, of course, be employed to excite insurrection among the Hungarian and Slave subjects of Austria, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to foresee how quickly the flames would rise and how far they would spread. We cannot tell the character, nor measure the scope of the secret understanding which has prompted this offensive alliance; perhaps the great design may rest upon the Rhine on the one side, and may comprehend the Principality, or even lean upon the Bosphorus on the other."

### Proclamation by the King of Sardinia.

A dispatch from Turin, of the 27th says: A royal proclamation by the King of Sardinia to the army has been published to-day at 5 o'clock. The King regards the demand to disarm as an outrage on himself and the nation, and has therefore, repelled the demand with disdain. The King calls to mind Italy's cry of anguish, and says: "I will be your savior. I have proved your valor on the field of battle by the side of my illustrious father. This time you will have for your comrades the gallant French soldiers; your companions on the Tiberina, whom the Emperor has sent to support and defend our just and civilizing cause. Forward to victory! Let our banners announce to you that our object, like our war cry, is the independence of Italy."

The Sardinians had retired from Palazza to the west bank of the river Sesia. The King of Sardinia had left Turin for Alessandria. In taking command of the army, he is to be accompanied by his eldest son Prince Humbert.

The great mass of the Piedmontese army, 75,000 strong, was condensed around the fortresses of Alessandria and Casale, with a second line at the foot of the Apennines, between Novato and Tortona.

The Turin correspondent of the Times does not think that the Austrians will reach the capital. The country had been laid under water by means of the canals of irrigation, and means had been taken to render the roads temporarily impracticable.

The Ticino, or Tessin, rises in Switzerland on the southern declivity of Mount St. Gothard, and flows south-easterly through the Lake Maggiore. Thence it runs in a southern direction, forming the boundary between Lombardy and Sardinia, until it joins the river Po, near Pavia. Its whole course is about 125 miles, and it is navigable from Lake Maggiore to the Po, which flows into the Gulf of Venice.

### Tuscany Joins Piedmont and France.

Nearly all the superior officers of the Tuscan troops (15,000 men) presented themselves before the Grand Duke at Florence, and declared to him, that to prevent the revolt of the army, there was only one way, viz., to unite with Piedmont, and to unfurl the tri-color flag of Italian independence. The Grand Duke immediately sent for the Marquis of Saliceto, and begged him to form a new administration, with a view of giving the reforms wanted. The Marquis answered that he could not undertake the task, or save the dynasty, except on two conditions: first, the abdication of the Grand Duke; second, declaration of war against Austria, and an alliance with France and Piedmont. The Grand Duke refused these conditions, and declared he would quit Tuscany immediately, and leave the people to do what they please.

The Grand Duke, after throwing himself upon the protection of the five great powers, retired to Bologna.

A military dictatorship had been proclaimed in Tuscany, and via Turin, it is stated that Victor Emmanuel had been made Dictator.

### Warlike Preparations in England.

Orders had been given at Woolwich for the hasty preparation of war material, ready for any sudden war emergency; and the heads of departments were summoned by telegraph to meet at the War Office, in London, on the 28th ult.

The Russian and Austrian Ministers had an interview with the Earl of Melbourne on the 28th.

The London Advertiser says that a proclamation from the Queen was about to be issued, calling out ten thousand men for the navy, and offering a bounty of ten pounds to each man, as an inducement to enter the service.

The Channel squadron, which had gone to the Mediterranean, was to be immediately recalled; and on the 27th, four new ships of the line were placed in commission.

The formation of volunteer rifle corps throughout England was being strongly urged on the Government.

The Cunard screw-steamer Etna was being surveyed, preparatory to her being chartered by the British Government for the conveyance of troops to the Mediterranean. Negotiations for charters had been initiated by the French Government, but it is stated that the Transatlantic shipping-houses, having received instructions that all available means of transport would be required by the British Government, declined business with the French agents.

It is stated that the French and Russian Governments have lately been procuring large supplies of charts and surveys of the English coast and of English stations in the Mediterranean, and have likewise been engaged in making large purchases of coal irrespective of price or quality. It is also intimated that an extensive order for charts had been received from the Spanish Government, and the inference was, that Spain would throw herself into the service of France.

As many as twenty-seven gun-boats, of very light draught, together with some vessels of larger size, were building in the Thames, for the Spanish Government. It was suggested that Spain might possibly be acting merely as the agent of others.

French agents are said to have been very active of late, in purchasing provisions for the Army, in Dublin, and in other parts of Ireland. Large quantities of ammunition and guns were being shipped from England to Gibraltar and Malta.

Major General Sir Fenwick Williams, Bart., of Kars, is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Canada.

### The Parliamentary Elections.

Were progressing in England, but the war crisis detracted from the attention which they would otherwise command. The returns, at the departure of the Persia, were too few to give any idea of the final result. Lord Stanley had been put in nomination for Marylebone, at the eleventh hour, and against his consent. His vote was, of course, comparatively small.

The quarterly returns of emigration, from Liverpool, show great activity in the movement towards the United States, and it was believed that the next few months' emigration to America will be the largest experienced for several years.

### The Attitude of Prussia.

In the Chamber of Deputies, at Berlin, on the 25th, the Foreign Minister made a statement respecting the crisis. The following is a summary: "Recent occurrences are very threatening. The differences between Austria on the one hand, and Sardinia and France on the other, have reached a point that the outbreak of war may be momentarily expected. England has made the last endeavor at mediation, but the hope of her success is extremely small. In this position of uncertainty no communication of any intermediaries measures which either of the opposing parties may have taken, has come to the knowledge of the Government. The placing of three corps d'armées of the Prussian forces on a war footing, and in readiness for war, has been resolved upon by the Federal Diet. Besides our own safety, we must keep in view the safety of Germany; the more so, because another great German power is on the brink of war. But the present condition of the preparations for war which the Federal Diet has instituted, is purely of the same nature as the confederation itself—that is to say, essentially defensive; and with this object, Prussia, in concert with her German Federal associates, is armed on all sides. Above all things, she adheres to the principle that the interest of Germany is the interest of Prussia."

### FRANCE.

The Ministry of Police is to be re-established in France after the fashion of First Empire.

The French Army of Observation on the Rhine will be conspicuous chiefly for its imposing force of heavy cavalry. It will consist of eight divisions of cavalry and as many of infantry.

Eight steam-frigates left Toulon on Tuesday, the 26th, for Genoa. They were filled with troops.

The French army collecting on the slopes of the Alps will be of the most formidable character. It will consist of no less than sixteen divisions of Infantry and four divisions of cavalry, and the artillery to match. Fourteen out of the twenty-two battalions of Chasseurs are to form part of the army of the Alps. Genoa is to be occupied by the French as a basis of operations whence they can threaten the Austrians' left flank, and there is to be another basis at Susa, which will be also fortified and made a general depot for the troops that arrive throughout the Alpine passes.

The *Moniteur* states that the corps to be placed under the command of Prince Napoleon would soon assemble at Toulon.

Le Nord, of the 25th, says the Emperor Napoleon had notified the English Government that he had felt himself obliged to send a French army of occupation immediately into the Sardinian Territory, for the purpose of being in time to protect his ally against the attack of Austria. The Cabinet of London replied that under the existing circumstances England would offer no objection.

### LATEST NEWS.

### The Austrian Manifesto.

VIENNA, Friday, April 29.—The official *Weiner Zeitung* publishes an imperial manifesto explaining in energetic words the necessity of war with Sardinia. The manifesto appeals to the patriotism of the faithful subjects of Austria, and hopes for the assistance of the kindred German race, connected as it is with Austria by origin and by common danger.

### The Negotiations.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times telegraphed on Friday that the negotiations were certainly not over, and that the telegraphic wires between Paris and Vienna were constantly occupied by official communications.

A Vienna telegram of the 29th says: "The official journal, the *Austrian Correspondence*, details all the facts by which the machinations of Piedmont, supported by France, have been unveiled. It also announces the departure of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the fraternization of his army with the revolutionists, and a revolt at Massa and Carrara, with the establishment of a Provisional Government. Austria must, therefore, draw the sword to maintain European order."

### The Proffered Mediation of England.

The London Times says that France has declined the offer of mediation made by the British Government.

**British Opinion on the War.**—Whatever may be the sympathy felt for the oppressed Italians, English instincts and distrust of her hereditary enemy, France, will more than counterbalance it, despite the evangelical hatred of the Shaftesbury party to the Papal tendencies of Austria.

Lord John Russell, in his speech to the electors of London, says: "In so far, Austria is undoubtedly in the wrong not to have exhausted every means of procuring peace before she had recourse to arms. (Loud cheers.) But unfortunately, although the cause of the Italian people—their wish to obtain good government, and to exchange servitude for freedom—is worthy of all approbation, there have been mixed with that cause views of ambition—views of territorial aggrandisement on the part of other powers—which prevent our giving our entire sympathy to those who stand in their camp. (Cheers.) I cannot believe myself that there was any necessity, as things stood, for either France or Sardinia arming to the extent they have done." And Lord Derby, the British Premier, at the Lord Mayor's dinner, thus concludes his lecture to Austria by showing the closed fold: "It may be that that pretext has been unavailing; it may be that the horrors of war are already, or about to be tomorrow morning invoked. I do not say that Austria had no cause for complaint. On the contrary, I am bound to say I think that by her aggressive and propagandist tone Sardinia has deprived herself of a great deal of that moral support which the sympathy of England would give to the free institutions which she has so nobly maintained."

The undoubted opinion of the British press is an armed neutrality, which can only mean to be in the best possible condition of striking France, should she attempt to move.



she go one step adverse to British interests, since no one believes that Austria's success can endanger England. The organ of the liberals thus says. After a few remarks on the Russian alliance with France, it thus proceeds: "These are strange prospects suddenly revealed, and they offer us no very promising future. Still, we adhere to what we have already said—that so long as the war is confined to Italy, or to the invasion or preservation of the Italian territories, we need take no active part in it. If, however, the tide of aggression should roll nearer home, if France and Russia should attack Austria in Germany—Russia seeking, perchance, her indemnity in the East of Europe—or if Prussia should be laid under a contribution of territory, then, indeed, the design of these treaties of offence would become no less than a partition of Europe, and the first principle of self-preservation would compel us to consider whether we can better defend ourselves on the Continent of Europe or at our own homesteads. These are serious topics; but, although in England we are all unanimous in desiring to keep clear, if possible, of these continental complications, we are also profoundly convinced that the existence of a great German power is essential to our own safety."

Nor must the serious fun of *Punch* be overlooked in so momentous a matter. The following verses embody the national sentiment. How far events will permit it to be carried out is another matter:

Idea of an Insular Clown.

I hear that France and Austria be like to go to war,  
And to lug we in along w'um—I should like to know what for.  
What call ha' we to spend our lives, and fling our money away,  
For them there flighty foreigner—onsarion chaps like they?

At peace there ain't no keepin' 'um, to war if they 'ool goo;  
Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their natur' to.  
We'd best mind our own business, and leave they to settle theirs;  
We never got no good by hands in other folk's affairs.

We bain't alike—can't dale w' 'um—should let 'um all alone;  
They mostly worships images made out of wood and stone;  
In diet and in sentiments we differs from 'um, wide,  
And we can't make out their vanity, nor understand their pride.

As to the cause they fights about, as far as I can see,  
'Tis never nothing moor than just whose slaves they want to be,  
For pompos though their action, and the speeches they employ,  
They're such unruly beggars they no freedom can't enjoy.

So let 'um fight till either side looks danger to our shore,  
Then pitch into that side straightways, but let 'um bide afore,  
But as for helpin' are on 'um, taxation is our gains,  
And them as we befriends be sure to abuse us for our pains.

We're taxed so hard already that it seems like payin' fines,  
All which it is our recompense for generous designs;  
Aloof from 'um in time to come I wish that we med steer,  
And let 'um break each other's heads, and never interfere.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

**Human Misery.**—It is impossible to contemplate this picture without receiving the painful lesson that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

On Wednesday, William Jones, fifteen, and George Bailey, nine years of age, were charged with being found in a water closet in an enclosed building, known as Dorset place, East Road, Hoxton, near London. The fact being proved by Wingfield, 73 N., who was on duty near the spot, and found the boys sleeping there.

Mr. D'Eyncourt asked, "What was your intention?"  
Jones—"Only to sleep, sir."  
Mr. D'Eyncourt—"Where do you live, Jones?"  
Jones—"I have no home; my father was a tailor in Baring street, New North Road, but he has left me, and gone to Birmingham, and I have not any mother."

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"Where are your parents, Bailey?"  
This boy, whose appearance was very wretched, has good, regular features. He replied to the magistrate's question, "I have no father, no mother, no home. My father, who once lived at 9 George street, Camden Town, was killed on the railway, while at work, near Chalk Farm Station, and my mother died about six months since at a hospital in Gray's Inn lane."

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"Where are your brothers and sisters?"  
Boy—"Haven't any, sir, haven't anybody as belongs to me."  
Mr. D'Eyncourt—"How have you both lived since you lost your parents?"  
Boys—"By begging, sir."

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"Some inquiries must be made about this matter. The lads appear deserving; let them be taken to Shoreditch Workhouse, with a request from me that they may be taken care of for the present."

Boys—"Thank you, sir."  
Mr. Hurlstone (Chief Clerk)—"I well recollect a man meeting with such a death as this child Bailey speaks of, and will myself undertake to inquire into his case."

Bailey—"He was Tom Neville, sir, not Bailey. I believe my mother's name was Bailey, and married twice."

The boys were then removed to the workhouse.  
Four London and New York philanthropists would look at home misery before they go abroad to manufacture it, the human race would be a much happier one than it is.

**The Jassau.**—Our readers will remember our illustration of the loss of the British gunboat. We are glad to perceive that the missing boat has turned up. A court-martial was held on board her Majesty's ship *Victory*, in Portsmouth harbor, for the trial of Lieutenant Commander John Binney Scott, Mr. Moss, second master, and Stephen Gruett, ordinary seaman (look-out man on the night in question), for the loss of her Majesty's screw steam gunboat *Jassau*, on the Baxo Nuevo shoal, during the passage of that vessel from Port Royal to Greytown, at 10.30 P.M. on the 26th of February last. After hearing the evidence adduced by the prosecution as against Mr. Moss, the second master, and Stephen Gruett, ordinary seaman, and the evidence brought forward by the said Mr. Moss and Stephen Gruett in their defence, the court, after the most careful deliberation, severely acquitted the prisoners of the charge brought against them. The court then proceeded with the trial of Lieutenant John Binney Scott, the commander of the *Jassau*, on the same charge. The result was that Lieutenant Scott was acquitted. The master and gunner were recommended to the Admiralty for their conduct after the wreck.

**Opening of the First Public Drinking Fountain.**—A short time ago the interesting ceremony of opening the first public drinking fountain was performed by Mrs. Wilson, the daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The fountain is situated at the corner of Giltspur street and Skinner street, by St. Sepulchre's Church. Shortly before three o'clock Mrs. Wilson was conducted to the fountain, which was uncovered, and displayed a crystal jet of water. She then spoke as follows: "I am deputed to express the hope of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and his family, that the fountain now to be opened may be only the first among many similar erections, and that the supply thus given of pure water may prove in every respect as beneficial as it must always be agreeable." (Loud cheers.) Mr. Potter then handed to Mrs. Wilson a handsome silver cup, which she filled with water and drank off. Lord Radstock then briefly addressed the assemblage, pointing out the great good that must result from the erection of these fountains, and on behalf of the association formed for their construction, expressed a confident hope that many people would avail themselves of this cooling draught; and also that it would be the anxious endeavor of all persons to prevent any damage being done to them. (Applause.) The Rev. J. Jackson also made a similar appeal to the public to protect the fountains from damage. The proceedings, which only occupied a few minutes, terminated, and the company adjourned to the vestry room, where a very interesting and appropriately worded address was presented by a deputation from the butchers of Newgate market to Mrs. Gurney, the lady of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., thanking the honorable gentleman for his kindness and liberality in giving the fountain to the public, expressing a belief that the greatest possible benefit would accrue to those engaged in the market from the existence of so great a boon.

**A Clue to the Mystery.**—Our readers will doubtless recollect that about two years ago all London was startled, and through its press New York, by finding a carpet bag near Waterloo Bridge, filled with the fragments of a human body. Despite every effort of the police the mystery has remained shrouded till now, when the terrors of approaching death has wrung the confession from the lips of an apparently dying woman, but who has since recovered, to bear witness against the murderer.

For some years past an old Irishman has sold fruit in and about Plaistow, and the neighborhood of Barking Road. Latterly she had a fruit stall on the iron bridge crossing the Creek, and still more lately, in consequence of a broil with the toll-keeper, she had one at the foot of the Barking Road Railway Station Bridge. This woman was known as "Old Biddy," and it is by her and through her that the Waterloo Bridge mystery has been revived. A day or since she was taken seriously ill, and a person was employed to nurse her at her house, in Lower Marsh, Plaistow. On Saturday last she became very much worse, and said she could not rest until she had made a confession. A priest was sent for, and upon his arrival the nurse was desired to quit the room. This she did; but, actuated by womanly curiosity, applied her ear to the key-hole, and was there caught by the holy father. However, she heard sufficient to warrant her in applying to the police, and two constables visited "Old Biddy." This woman says that upon the night of the "mysterious occurrence" she was employed by two men to carry the carpet-bag, which she describes minutely, and she herself launched it from Waterloo Bridge, and received for doing so two sovereigns. She even mentions the names of these men, and says that one is since dead. As in the present stage of the affair it would be extremely judicious to give them, these names are withheld, though known to our informant. The stranger part of the affair is that the woman is a very ignorant and uneducated person, and it is deemed extremely singular that she should have hit upon this subject. The general opinion is that the matter should be strictly investigated, and that the person accused should be faced with the accuser. One fact may be added, that this "Old Biddy" is not unlike the vague description given of the bridge visitor by the toll-keeper—she having a mole (peculiar) on her face, and generally answering the description. She has been visited by two physicians.

The police have been engaged making inquiries, and it is mooted that the Waterloo Bridge toll-keeper will be taken to see "Old Biddy."

On Wednesday morning, at Plaistow, upon making inquiries, it was ascertained that "Old Biddy" was very much better. Upon being asked if she was aware of the value of the statements she had made, she replied "Yes," and repeated them, adding a description of the carpet-bag, and the manner in which each portion of the discovered body was wrapped up, and in what kind of paper. A full and perfect statement is expected when the state of the old woman permits the mental exertion.

FRANCE.

**A True Eastern Letter.**—The Sultan, on conferring a pension of 6,000fr. on Mlle. Evillard, daughter of the French Consul murdered at Djeddah, wrote to her the following letter: "Abdul Mejid Khan, to the young daughter of the regretted Consul of France at Djeddah. Some insensate wretches have immolated a just man, the father of a family. They have left alone an orphan the child of his blood and of his affection. May Almighty God permit his servant, Abdul Mejid, to become the second father of the young girl; and may this flower of the West not refuse the friendly dew which is offered to her by him who would give his power and his life to cicatrize the eternal wound made in her young heart. This is the prayer of the unworthy servant of God, judge of the innocent and the guilty.—ABDUL MEJID KHAN."

**The Child of the Empress.**—The following anecdote connected with the departure of one of the regiments of light infantry of the guard is related. As the regiment was passing near the Place des Pyramides, in the Rue de Rivoli, a young *cantiniere*, leading by the hand a little girl, aged about six years, left the ranks, and entering the house at the corner of the place, asked if the offices of the Secretary of the Empress were not there. She was answered in the affirmative, and she cried, "Well, then, I leave you my child! Take her to the Empress, and tell her majesty that I know she will take care of her until my return from the war!" And so saying she left the child. The Empress, on being informed of this incident, gave orders that the child should be taken care of until the return of the mother.

ITALY.

**Young Unmarried Italian Ladies.**—The idea of a girl in Italy is indissolubly connected with that of a being devoid of all moral sense, infallibly preferring wrong to right, and who can only be kept from harm and evil by the most incessant watchfulness. A mother's whole maternal duties towards her daughter seem considered in Italy to be comprehended in the one act of vigilance. "My daughter has never been, since she was nine years old, for more than twenty minutes at a time out of my sight," said an Italian countess, boastfully; and by this declaration she appeared to think that she merited to take rank in the world's esteem with the mother of the Gracchi. A girl belonging to the upper ranks of life in Italy is practically a prisoner until she marries. Into society she must not enter; neither in the morning fete nor in the evening dance, is she permitted to display her charms and graces. An occasional walk with father, or brother, or mother, is permitted; but she must not go outside the house unless accompanied by her nearest kindred. To be seen alone, even but a few yards from her father's door, would entail upon her the deepest disgrace and heaviest censure. Kept under a perpetual surveillance, every line she writes and every line she receives are subjected to rigid scrutiny.

**A Gratifying Present for the Editor of the New York Herald.**—The Pope, says a letter from Rome, "recently, in accordance with annual custom, blessed what is called the golden rose. This flower, which is made of the purest gold, and ornamented with precious stones, was rubbed with balm and incense, his Holiness reciting verses explaining the mystic meaning of the benediction; after which he took it in his left hand and blessed the people. Mass was then celebrated in the Sixtine Chapel. The gold roses are ordinarily sent to female Sovereigns, sometimes to Princes, and sometimes, though rarely, to towns and corporations. The one of last year was sent to the Empress of the French, and that of the year before to the Queen of Spain." We are enabled to state in the highest authority, that the golden rose this year will be presented to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, through Archbishop Hughes, as a mark of approbation for some recent articles in the leading journal of America. No man deserves it better. It will also be useful in his mission to the Feejee Islands as a charm against indigestion.

CHESS.

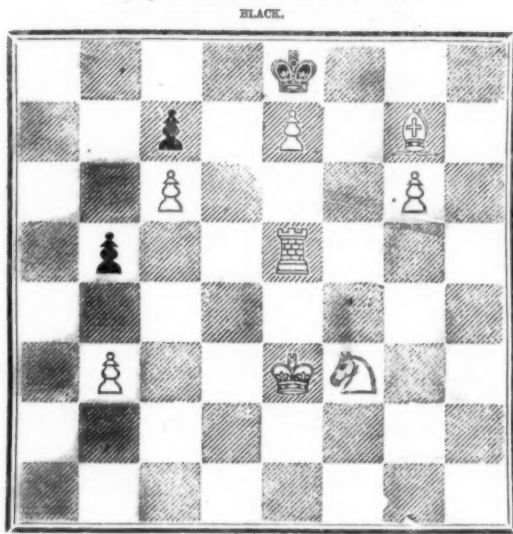
All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frere, the Chess Editor, Box 2496, N. Y. P. O.

**THE RETURN OF MR. MORPHY.**—Mr. Morphy, now the Chess champion of the world, arrived at New York in the steamship *Persia* on Wednesday, the 11th inst. He was met and cordially greeted by Mr. Lichtenhein and other prominent members of the Chess circle. Mr. Morphy intends remaining in the city several weeks before returning to New Orleans. On the following day he was entertained at dinner by a large party of the members. He played in the same manner against eight amateurs of the St. George's Chess Club, and in the evening dined with the members. These are probably the last games he will play in England, as he departs immediately for the United States.—*Illustrated News.*

**BLINDFOLD CHES.**—Mr. Morphy, the American champion, gratified the members of the London (City) Chess Club by an exhibition of his powers at blindfold chess, playing eight games at the same time against eight of the best players, without board or man. Of these games he won two and made a draw in each of the other six combats. On the following day he was entertained at dinner by a large party of the members. He played in the same manner against eight amateurs of the St. George's Chess Club, and in the evening dined with the members. These are probably the last games he will play in England, as he departs immediately for the United States.—*Illustrated News.*

Mr. MORPHY had again been astonishing the London Chess players. He played, simultaneously, five of the most expert members of the St. James Chess Club, viz., Messrs. Löwenthal, Riviere, Barnea, Boden and Bird. The result was that Mr. Barnea won his game; those with Messrs. Löwenthal and Boden were drawn, and Mr. Morphy won the other two.

**PROBLEM No. 195.**—By JOHN TANNER, New Orleans. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



**GAME played at the Brooklyn Chess Club, between Messrs. MARACHE and RICE.**

BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. M.
1 P to K4	P to K4	30 P to K B4	Q to Q2
2 K Kt to B3	Q Kt to B3	31 P to K B5	Q to K2
3 K B to Q B4	K B to B4	32 P to K R4	Kt to R sq
4 P to Q B3	Q to K2	33 Kt to Q B4	Q to Q B2
5 P to Q3	P to Q3	34 Kt to B	Q Kt to K4
6 P to Q R4	P to Q R3	35 R to K7	P to K Kt3
7 Castles	K Kt to B3	36 P to K B6	Q R to K sq
8 P to K R3	B to K3	37 K R to K sq	R Kt to R
9 B to K R2	Castles on K side	38 R to B	Q to K B4
10 Q B to K5	B to K5	39 Q to B	R to Q Kt sq
11 R Kt to B	Q to K3	40 Kt to Q2	K to B sq
12 P to Q Kt3	P to K R3	41 K to Kt2	K to Kt sq
13 B to R4	Kt to K2	42 Kt to Kt5	P to Q4
14 B Kt to K4	Q Kt to K4	43 Kt to K4	P to Q4
15 K to K2	Q R to Q sq	44 Kt to Q6	P to Q Kt4
16 Kt to Q2	Kt to Kt3	45 P Kt to P	P Kt to K4
17 Kt to Q B4	Kt to B5	46 R to Q7	P to K Kt4
18 R to Q B2	Q to K3	47 P Kt to P	P to Q R4
19 K to R2	Kt to K2	48 Kt to K B5	P to Q R5
20 P to K Kt3	Kt to Kt3	49 P Kt to P	P Kt to P
21 Kt to K3	P to Q B3	50 R Kt to P	R to R sq
22 R to K2	Q to Q2	51 R to B5	P to Q R6
23 P to Q4	P to P	52 R to B sq	P to Q R7
24 P Kt to P	B to Kt5	53 Kt to Q R sq	Kt to Kt3
25 Kt to Q B2	B to R4	54 Kt to K7 (ch)	Kt to Kt3
26 Kt to K3	Q to K3	55 P Kt to K	R to Kt2
27 Kt to Kt4	P to K R4	56 P to Q5	R to K sq
28 Kt to K3	Q Kt to P	57 P to Q6	White resigned.
29 Kt to K5	Q to K2		

MILWAUKEE, THE QUEEN CITY OF THE LAKES.

A few hours' ride on the railroad from Chicago brings the tourist to the city of Milwaukee, poetically baptized the Fair White City, or the Queen of the Lakes. The stranger is immediately impressed with the cleanliness and general neatness which pervades the whole city. Built of a cream-colored brick (for which Milwaukee has attained so great a celebrity), and containing for so young a city a marvellous number of fine buildings, it is not at all surprising that its attractiveness impresses a stranger favorably.

In considering the progress of the Western cities, a foreigner must be bewildered by the facts. That in the space of twenty years a forest that had withstood the storms of centuries, that had remained sacred as the home of the Indian, the wild deer, and the plumaged songsters, should quickly melt away under the axe of the woodman, that neither stump of tree nor lone Indian, or graceful fawn should exist to tell of the great forest sleeping by the lake—must be a marvel. Still more when we consider that in its place has risen a city vast in extent, great in wealth and prosperity, and noble in its charities and benevolence; when we contemplate the fact that Solomon Juneau immigrated from Canada not forty years since, building a log cabin on the borders of Lake Michigan; that for seventeen long years he continued to trade with the Indians unmolested by the sight of any other white man, and that to-day she has a population of fifty thousand; that in 1856 the average number of arrivals and departures at the port of Milwaukee was five thousand, with an aggregate tonnage of over 2,000,000. The total amount of merchandise imported during the year 1856 was \$28,000,000, and the value of the exports was over \$20,000,000. The manufacturing interests of Milwaukee have kept even pace with her commercial and mercantile interests. In 1857 the amount of her manufacture was \$10,500,000.

No city in the Union can compare with Milwaukee in the beauty of its brick, and none can compete with it in manufacture. The estimated manufacture of brick for last year was \$60,000,000. Milwaukee possesses eight public schools, besides a University, and five newspapers, which enjoy excellent support and are conducted with ability.

Of railroads radiating from and to this city there are many. There are—the Lake Shore Road to Chicago, the Fox River Valley, the Milwaukee and Beloit, the Milwaukee and Mississippi, the Milwaukee and Watertown, the La Crosse and Milwaukee, the Milwaukee and Horicon, the Milwaukee and Fond du Lac.

Milwaukee is the commercial emporium of Wisconsin, a State of ample size, and embracing every variety of surface. Her boundaries seem prescribed by nature, and are suited to insure the most perfect development of her natural advantages. On the east, the waters of Lake Michigan bound her shores for a distance of nearly two hundred miles, affording noble harbors, from which a commerce, sustained from her vast internal resources, must at no distant day be carried on. Lake Superior washes her northern shores for one hundred and fifty miles; and there enterprise has begun to lay out cities, and has already discovered rich stores of mineral products, which in quantity and quality are unequalled in the world.

Every city has its prominent objects of interest. Milwaukee possesses a Custom-House and Post Office built of stone from the Athens quarry, Illinois, and which is a model of architecture. It is nearly completed, and will cost about \$125,000. The whole superintendence of the building has been placed in the hands of H. W. Gunnison, who has completed the work in most excellent taste. The Newhall House is the subject of our other illustration; it is the pride, the boast of the city, and is—according to our judgment—the most magnificent hotel in the West. Its architectural design, its proportions, its interior arrangements cannot be excelled. It was opened in August last, by a grand festival, at which two thousand five hundred persons were present. This superb structure was erected by Daniel Newhall, and leased conjointly by Mr. Kean, for many years proprietor of the Louisville Hotel, Kentucky, and known to almost every Southerner, and who now controls the dynasty of both, and by Mr. Rice, formerly of the American Hotel, Boston.

The Newhall House is situated at the corner of Main and Michigan streets, fronting on the former one hundred and eighty feet, and on the latter one hundred and twenty feet. The material employed in the erection of this fine edifice, is the best Milwaukee pressed brick; at a distance of forty feet from each end, the wall is recessed. The window-caps are of iron, variously ornamented, but harmonizing in the general effect. The whole wall is crowned by massive cornices, and surmounted with an elevated cupola, from which the whole city and the bay may be seen. The foundation walls were laid strong and deep, four feet thick, with stone from a quarry near the city. The inner rooms are well lighted and ventilated by an open court, twenty-eight by eighty feet.

The dining-rooms, of which there are two, can readily be converted into one of one hundred and eighteen by forty feet. There are in this hotel twenty-five suites of rooms, besides parlors, two hundred and seventy-six rooms for guests. The house is furnished in the most costly manner with suits of rosewood and brocatelle; the walls are frescoed. There is hot and cold water baths, gas in all rooms of the house; in fact everything necessary to make the visitor comfortable. And then for the table, no fault can be detected, for the establishment is a machine in its arrangement. In the drawing-room there is a superb grand Chickering piano. The cost of the Newhall House was \$160,000; the furniture, \$30,000. All we can say to our readers is simply, in their tour through the West, not to forget a visit to Milwaukee; its cleanliness, its healthy location, its hotel comforts and the courtesy of the proprietors would prolong their sojourn, and force them to leave with pleasant memories of this the Queen City of the Lakes.

LOLA MONTEZ.

In a recent work by Von M. Hauser, the violinist, he gives the following scene on the first appearance of Lola Montez at Sacramento. Lola had been attacked in the papers, and a party had determined to put her down:

"The curtain rose, and Lola appeared in a fairy-like costume. Turning a bold and daring glance upon the audience, she prepared to dance. A loud burst of laughter disturbed the portentous silence. Lola made a sign with her hand, the band stopped: walking haughtily to the edge of the stage, with pride in her gesture and flames in her eyes, she addressed the audience in the following words—'Ladies and gentlemen, Lola Montez has too great a respect for the people of California to recognize the silly laughter of a few ridiculous apes as decisive. (Renewed laughter.) I will speak!' She began again, in a louder voice, and her eyes flashed lightning. 'Come here,' she continued, 'give me your coats and take my petticoats. You are not worthy to be called men. (Shouts of laughter.) Lola Montez is proud to be what she is—but you—'

"She was proceeding, but the fury and noise of the audience had reached the culminating point. Rotten apples and eggs traversed the air, and the bombardment continued until the weaker party diverged from the lines of fire. I was looking on from a stage box, and thanking my stars for my escape, when, to my utter terror, the director rushed in and implored me to save his house by striking up. I would sooner have been exposed to the fury of a violent storm than to the fury of such an audience. Still, the prayers of the manager and the six hundred dollars he offered me in his despair, moved my heart, and within five minutes I stood ready armed with fiddle and bow. I began 'The Bird on the Tree,' which pleased so much, that the audience shouted, 'No Lola; only M. Hauser shall play to us!' Just at this moment, Lola, who had overheard all, bounded on the stage and began dancing. This redoubled the fury of the audience; benches were broken up, windows smashed, and shouts were raised, 'Give us back our money!' Still the courageous danseuse would not be defeated, and completed her dance. She was escorted home to her hotel by armed men, and 'old another most violent speech to the crowd, until a man climbed up the balcony, and put out her lamp, while an armed body dispersed the mob."





NEWHALL HOUSE, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN—SEE PAGE 385.

## EDWARD SAVILLE.—A TRANSCRIPT.

By Charles Whitehead.

The doctor tells me I must take no wine. Pshaw! It is not that which mounts into my brain; and sometimes—but I must not wander—wine is the best corrector of these fancies. One bottle more of sober claret, and I shall be able to finish before midnight the brief sketch of my life which I promised Travers long ago.

It were worse than useless to set down any particulars of my boyhood. An only son is usually a spoiled one, and that which is so easy and delightful a task to most parents, was by no means difficult or unpleasant to mine; and yet, to do myself justice, I believe I was not more conceited, insolent, selfish and rapacious than others are during those days of innocence, as they are called—those days of innocence which form the germ of that noble and disinterested reature, man.

At the age of three and twenty I succeeded to my father's estate. It was to divert a sense of loneliness which beset me that I plunged into—as they term it, but the phrase is a wrong one—that I ventured upon the course of folly and dissipation into which so many young men of fortune like myself hurry themselves, or are led, or are driven. But why recount these scenes of pleasure—so called, or miscalled—whose reaction is utter weariness, satiety and disgust?

I was at the theatre one night, when the friend who accompanied me directed my attention to a very lovely girl, who, with her mother and a party of friends, occupied the next box. She was, certainly, the loveliest creature my eyes had ever lighted upon; with a sylph-like form (that is the usual phrase, I believe), wanting perhaps that complete roundness of limb which is considered essential to perfect beauty in a woman—but she was barely sixteen—and yet suggesting, too, the idea of consummate symmetry. Her face—but who can describe beauty? who ever can paint it? Let any man look at the finest attempts to achieve this impossibility by the old masters, and then let him compare them with the faces he has seen, and may see every day. Heavens! what insanities! Can a man paint a soul upon canvas? And yet the artist talks of his "expression."

I watched her closely during the performance—indeed, I had no power to withdraw my gaze from her; and once or twice her eyes met mine, and I thought I could perceive she was not altogether displeased at my attention. Her confusion betrayed that to me, and in one short hour I was a lost man.

When the play was over, I framed a miserable excuse, which I thought at the time a most ingenious one, to my friend for not accompanying him home to supper, as I had promised; and hastening after my unknown and her mother, who had left the box, was just in time to see them enter a coach. I contrived to keep pace with it, and saw it

deposit its beautiful freight at a house in a small private street near Portman square.

I could laugh—unaccustomed as I am even to private laughing now-a-days—when I think, as I do sometimes, on those days of sentiment. It were as futile to attempt to renew that sentiment after thirty, as to strive to recall those days, and to bid them stand in next year's calendar. The green wood is out of the tree by that time, and the trunk becomes hard, and gnarled, and stubborn. Now is the time to enjoy life. At five and thirty the blood and the brain act in concert, and the heart beats not one pulse the quicker, while they do their spiriting—not gently always. To return.

I went home that night altogether an altered man, and rose next morning from a sleepless bed, absorbed with the one idea which had worked so miraculous a change within me. All that day, almost without intermission, did I pace up and down the street in the hope of seeing her, but in vain. Not once did she approach the window; and I did not deem it prudent to question one of the servants who came out of the house several times during the day. I betook my-

self, therefore, towards evening to a green-grocer's shop in the neighborhood, and the purchase of some fruit gave me a privilege to indulge in a little chat with the good old woman who conducted the business. I affected to be chiefly solicitous respecting the elderly lady, whom I had seen by chance, and believed to be a friend of my father, but whose name I could not, for the life of me, remember. The old woman smiled at my shallow artifice, but proceeded to inform me that the elderly lady was the widow of an officer who had been killed in the Peninsular war, leaving an only daughter, at that period an infant. I begged pardon—the name? did she know the daughter's name?

"Oh, yes! it was Isabella Denham."

It was an era in my life, the first sound of that name. I thanked my kind informant and withdrew.

I need not tell how unremittingly, and for how many weeks, I paced up and down that street, with various success; how regularly I attended the church she frequented, and how at length I obtained an introduction to the family.

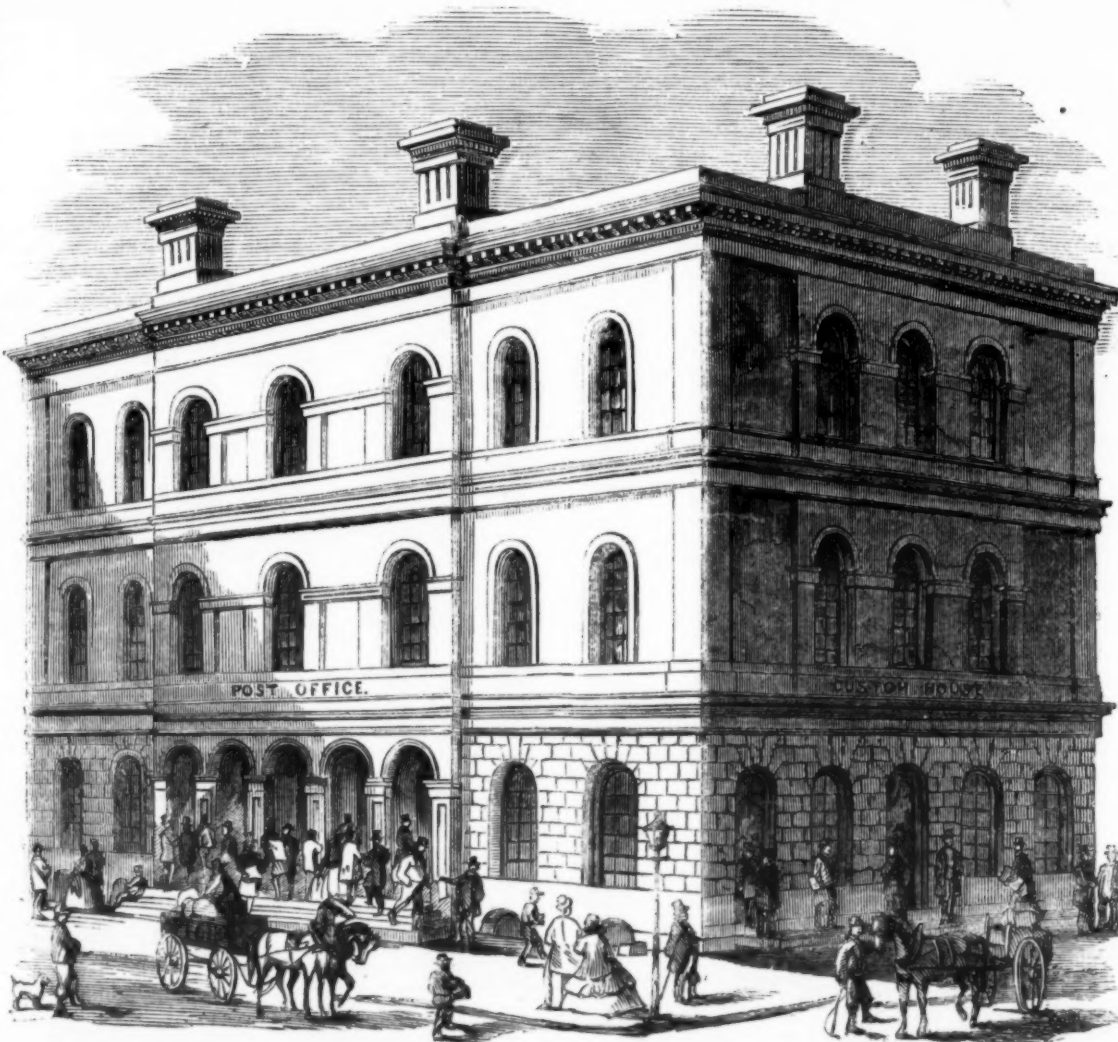
I found Isabella Denham more captivating than the accumulated fancies and self-willed convictions of months had pictured her to me. It is no unusual result in such cases; but whether it be that the object transcends the imagination, or that the imagination subserves the object, I know not. It was so, however; for feeling upon these occasions takes the place of reason, which is an impertinence.

Let me be just. I think, had I loved Isabella Denham less, I should equally have admired her. She had a mind and a heart; she was accomplished; she was beautiful, gentle and good; and she loved me. Yes, she loved me. I believed it then, and I am certain of it now. How I loved her she never knew; that was for Time to show, and he has shown it.

I offered her my hand in due time, and was accepted. How I despised the sneers and banter of some of my friends who could not conceive the idea of a marriage with fortune on one side, and none on the other, and yet were endeavoring at the same time to effect an engagement of a similar nature in their own favor. How I disregarded the gratuitous advice of sundry of my officious relatives, who thought that all love had died when their own gave up the ghost, and who sometimes prophesied truly because they were always prognosticating evil!

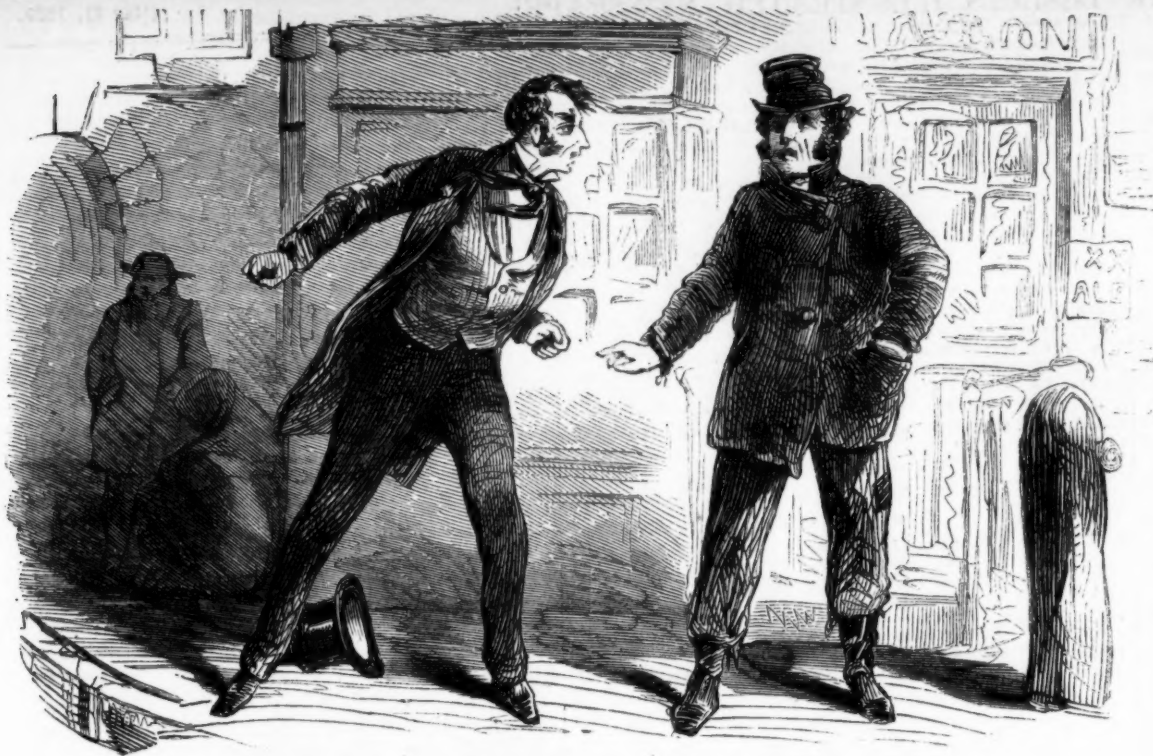
We were at length married; and the close of the fourth year saw no diminution of our happiness. We were domestic enough without seclusion, and went into as much company as sufficed to make us feel that home was the happiest place after all. One circumstance had contributed to augment my felicity—the birth of a son, which took place about a year after our marriage.

I know not what some people mean, who tell you that when a man becomes married, love subsides into affection, and friendship



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. BROWN.—SEE PAGE 385.





"CHANGED AS HE WAS, I KNEW HIM INSTANTLY. HE HAD RECOGNIZED ME ALSO."

takes the place of passion. It was not so with me. I loved the wife as much as I had adored the mistress. To make her happy was myself to be so; and to have made her so, I would have laid down my life. Some, indeed, hinted that I indulged her too much—that I let her have her own way in everything. And why not? Did I marry to make my wife the creature, or the slave, of some system of management, rule of action, or principle of conduct? phrases which I abhor. No—no; be they as wise as they will, I was right. I am convinced of it. That was not the cause. We were happy.

It was by the merest chance that I one day encountered Hastings in the street—my friend Hastings. We had been companions at Eton, and at college our intimacy had grown into friendship. Were I now asked for what particular quality of mind or heart I had chosen Hastings for a friend, I should find some difficulty in answering the question. He was what is termed a good-natured fellow; there was nothing gross or offensive in his gaiety, and he was always the same. His feelings never led him to make a fool of himself, which is much to say of a young man. They might be called good-plated feelings, which answered the purpose well enough, and sometimes passed for more costly articles. It is much, after all, to possess a friend between whom and yourself you can draw comparisons favorable to the latter, and who is perfectly content that you should do so.

He dined with me on the next day. His powers of conversation were certainly much improved since we had last talked together. He could turn the most superficial reading to admirable account; and so minute was his observation, and so faithfully and graphically could he describe manners, and the surface motives of men, that it almost appeared like a profound knowledge of mankind. Isabella was pleased with his society; and after she had retired to the drawing-room, my friend expatiated somewhat at large upon her beauty and elegance, and, above all, upon the good sense which characterized her. I need hardly say that I also was delighted with him, and when we shook hands for the night, I could have hugged the man for his glowing eulogy. I almost loved every one who admired her. I was too weak—too weak.

He visited us often, for his time was altogether his own. He was living upon expectancy, and accordingly had more leisure than money. At various times I pressed him to make my purse his own, and he did so. I had, indeed, more money at my disposal than I cared for, or knew what to do with; and at that time I thought, when I served a friend, that I had found the best employment for it. It is strange—and yet perhaps it is not by any means strange—how men alter in this particular as they grow older. The heart-strings and the purse-strings are not so easily drawn then.

Well, I was his banker, and felt myself sufficiently repaid by his society. About this time, also, I was greatly occupied in business of a somewhat troublesome nature, to conclude which it was necessary that I should visit my estate. My probable term of absence was to be about six weeks. The fashionable season was in its meridian, and I could not be cruel enough to ask Isabella to accompany me. She had lately taken more pleasure in parties, and balls, and concerts than heretofore. Perhaps I had kept her too close; we were too domestic. After all, it was not the way of the world. I thought so, and Hastings agreed with me; I would see it reformed another when I returned.

In the meanwhile I begged Hastings to look in now and then, and see that she was not lonely and out of spirits. It was natural to expect that my first absence from her would cause her to feel so. He promised to do as I requested, and I set off into the country, where I was detained more than two months; and at length, finding myself released from an irksome attendance on very unpleasant business, I took post-horses, and with all the ardor of a lover returned to London.

I returned to London—  
I remember the minutest particulars of that scene so well! Not a little of it has escaped my memory—not a word, not a syllable! It will never depart from my mind—from my soul!

When the porter opened the door, I hastened through the hall, and sprang up stairs into the drawing-room. She was not there; but my little boy, hearing my well-known footstep, came from the adjoining room and ran towards me. I caught him in my arms, and gave him a thousand kisses.

"Well, my dear little fellow, and where is mamma?"  
"Not here—not here," said the boy, looking around; "but I'm so glad you've come back!"

Isabella was gone out, doubtless. I rang the bell. I did not observe Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, enter the room—I was still caressing the child.

"Ha! Mrs. Martin—But what's the matter? You look ill. Where is Mrs. Saville?"

The woman spoke not but trembled violently, and turned very pale. I motioned her to take a seat. She did so.

"My dear madam, you alarm me," said I. "Is anything wrong?—your mistress?"

Tears were streaming down the woman's face, as she arose suddenly, and with her hands clasped before her she came towards me.

"Oh, sir! bear it like a man," she cried, weeping bitterly; "do bear it like a man, sir! That I should live to tell you this! I, who have carried you in these arms, and have prayed a thousand times for your happiness when I should be dead and gone!"

She paused. Perhaps my face revealed the sickness of heart which at that moment overcame me. I could not rise from my seat;

I could not lift the child from my knee, and he lay upon my bosom with his head pressed against my heart.

"Merciful heaven! Isabella is ill—she is dying! at once, at once tell me!"

"No, no," said the woman bitterly; "she is not ill or dying. Mr. Saville, I durst not tell you my suspicions before you left town—I durst not, sir. For mercy's sake, compose yourself! My mistress left this house last Tuesday night with Mr. Hastings."

That horrible shriek still rings in my ears. I remember thrusting the child from me, and clasping my head with my hands; and then I was smitten down—struck to the earth—worse than dead—oh, how much worse than dead!

It was a long, long hideous dream that succeeded, full of woe and lamentations, and weeping, and curses, and despair. But I awoke at last from that dream. Where was I? It was a very narrow, but lofty room; the walls were whitewashed, and there was one small window about twelve feet from the floor. I was seated on a low trundle-bed; and as I turned my eyes from the light of the window, they fell upon my hands, which were laid before me. Around my wrists there were deep marks, as though they had been tied together with cords; and when I moved, a sharp pain went round me like a girdle. But the rope had been loosened, and was no longer about me. A man entered the room.

"How do you feel yourself now?" said he, laying his hand upon my shoulder.

I looked up. Methought I recognized the voice, and the face was almost familiar to me, and repulsively so.

"I am well—very well," I answered. "Where am I?"

The man said nothing, but silently left the room, presently returning with a gentleman, of whom, as of the man, I had an indistinct remembrance.

"You will be better soon, sir," said this person kindly, as he felt my pulse; and he turned towards the man, and spoke to him in an undertone. "Let him be kept very quiet," was all I heard, and he retired shortly after.

Yes! I had been mad—raving mad—for two years, and was now slowly struggling back into consciousness. Feeble glimmerings of the past came upon me at first, and then further half-revelations were extended to me; until at length the cause, dimly and remotely, but gradually nearer and more near, stood before me like a curse. It is well for me that I did not then relapse into madness; but I wrestled with it, I overcame it; and in a month was taken away in my own physician's carriage, and brought back home. Home? that had been destroyed.

My friend, Dr. Herbert, was, and is, the best fellow breathing. He devoted for some weeks nearly the whole of his time to me. He endeavored to draw my mind away from the one subject, which might, he thought, if entertained, once more overthrow my reason. He was mistaken. The very endeavor to discard that memory, as often as it recurred, would soon have distracted me. I encouraged it, therefore, and was strengthened by it; my mind threw upon it—it was a comfort to me.

The many slight indications of an attachment—of a passion—between her and this man Hastings—and they must have been but slight indications—were presented to me now grossly and palpably. I could see them all, they stung me; and I would curse my fool's nature that was blind, or would not see and provide against the consequence. And why did I curse my easy nature? Could I have borne to live a wretched turnkey, a miserable listener at key-holes, a dealer out of punishment, the drudgery of devils? Did I marry to suspect virtue, or to control vice? Neither; and I was glad that, when they did wrong me, they permitted me to know it. These thoughts never affected my brain; there was no fear of that. I thought no longer from the brain; these thoughts were in my heart, and never moved thence.

One evening, as I was ascending the stairs, I overheard the child inquiring of one of the servants who that white-haired gentleman was, and why he lived in the house? I had hitherto refused to see the child; but I now rang the bell, and ordered the housekeeper, who constantly waited upon me, to bring him to me.

He was much grown since I had last seen him, and was a fine boy. He did not know me, and was at first fearful of approaching me; but I induced him to sit upon my knee, and, putting his hair from the forehead, asked him if he would not give me a kiss. As he lifted his face, and looked up at me—that look! his very mother was gazing through those eyes! A sudden faintness possessed me. I lifted the child gently from my knee, and motioned the housekeeper to take him from my sight. I did not see him again.

But there was comfort still: Hastings was in London; I was certain of it.

And so he was. One night, about a fortnight after my return to town from Paris, where I was told he had been seen, and where I had sought him in vain, I was proceeding home, baffled in my endeavors to discover him in some of his old haunts, which I had ascertained after many and fruitless inquiries. I was walking rapidly down a miserable street in the vicinity of Clare Market, when a squalid wretch, issuing from a public-house, came in contact with me. I think no human being in the world would have recognized him but myself. Hideously changed as he was, I knew him instantly. The half-shriek that burst from him as he recoiled from me showed that he had recognized me also. The struggle was a short one, I had omitted to put my pistols in my pocket that evening. With what a savage triumph, when I had flung him on the pavement,

did I stamp upon the prostrate carcass of the groaning wretch! But my joy was brief; for I was suddenly seized by three or four men, who held me firmly by the arms. I could not get at him. Heedless of my ravings, they assisted the miscreant to rise, who, casting one glance of terror towards me, darted down an alley, and was lost to me for ever. He had escaped me.

How I reached home I know not. Herbert, who visited me next morning, forbade me to rise from my bed. He said my brain was unsettled, and I believe it was. But I was well again in a month.

The one idea pervaded my whole being when I arose from my bed. My rencontre with Hastings had whetted my appetite for revenge so keenly that no reason, no thought, no feeling could control me. He was evidently in a state of the most abject beggary and want. That conviction did not disarm me; it rendered me only the more determined and inflexible.

I went forth one evening, and with much difficulty discovered the public-house from which I had seen him emerge on that night. From the landlord I obtained every particular I required to know. Hastings had, it seemed, changed his name; it was now Harris. He resided in one small room on the first floor of a house in a filthy court hard by; that is, if he had not left the neighborhood, for the man had not seen him for a month past.

It was well. I drank two glasses of brandy, for it was a cold night, and proceeded towards my destination. I found it easily. There was a light in the window, and, from the reflection of a man's figure on the wall, I judged he was at home. The house door was open, and I entered the narrow passage. At that moment I trembled, and for an instant could not proceed. No; it was not that which made me tremble; I knew, and was prepared for, what I had to do. It was the other—it was that face which I feared I could not bear to behold.

This was, as I have said, the weakness of a moment. I mounted the stairs and burst into the room suddenly. A man and a woman were seated at a small fire, who arose abruptly on my entrance. It was not Harris and—his wife.

"Where is the man—Hastings?" I exclaimed, addressing the old couple.

As I uttered these words, a loud shriek proceeded from a bed behind me, and a female dropped upon the floor. I knew that voice—I knew it well; but it did not move me.

"Mrs. Harris is ill," said the old woman; "permit us to pass you, sir; it is one of the fits to which she is subject."

I allowed the woman to step by me, who, raising the lifeless form beside her, drew it into an adjoining room.

"What do you want, sir? What is your business here?" inquired the man.

I placed one hand into my coat pocket and grasped a pistol, and with the other seized the man by the collar.

"Where is Harris?" said I. "You had best tell me; you are a dead man else. He is hid somewhere—he is below, in the house—where is he?"

"He is there?" gasped the man; and he pointed towards the bed, upon which a body was lying, covered with a linen cloth.

I sank upon a chair. Hastings had indeed escaped me, and for ever. I was left alone, for the man had hurried from the room. I cannot describe the agony of feeling which I underwent during the next half hour. I took the light and, walking to the bed, drew the linen from the face of the corpse.

How awful! how mysterious is the power of death! The man who had insulted, who had wronged, who had betrayed me; whose ingratitude—of all crimes the vilest and the basest—had inverted my very soul; this man lay before me cold, serene, tranquil, miserable, callously insensible, and yet I had no power to curse him. There was no serenity, no tranquillity upon the face, when I gazed upon it more closely. The brow was corrugated, the cheeks collapsed, and the eyelids sunken; and there was the soul's torture, as it left a tortured body impressed upon the face. Enough to have mitigated a more implacable hatred than mine!

I left the room, and walked down stairs. As I proceeded along the passage, the man whom I had before seen came out of a lower room, and opened the door for me. I was about to depart when he caught me gently but firmly by the arm.

"Oh, sir!" said he earnestly, "do not leave this house without seeing Mrs. Harris. She has relapsed into another fit; but when she comes to herself, it will be a comfort to her to see a friend of her husband's. You knew him, sir, when living; and for his sake, perhaps"—(the man paused for a moment, and continued)—"You have a benevolent heart, sir; I'm sure you have; and if you knew all, even though he may have wronged you—"

It was an unseasonable time for an appeal of this nature. The passions that had been forced back upon my heart had yet scarce begun to subside; but I spoke calmly.

"You will tell her Mr. Saville has been here," and I was going.

"Mr. Saville!" repeated the man. "Oh, sir, we have heard that name mentioned frequently of late. You will come again, or send, perhaps—will you not, sir?"

"She will know where to find me, should she wish to see me, which I think is hardly probable," and with a cold "good night" left him.

I called upon Herbert on my way home, and told him all that had taken place. He was surprised and shocked.



EDWARD SAVILLE AT THE DEATHBED OF HIS REPENTANT WIFE.



"Saville," said he, after a long pause, during which he had been absorbed in reflection, "this cursed affair is destroying you. I am a plain man. You may shake your head, and tell me coolly and calmly that you have ceased to feel the injury which all the while is preying upon you. It is that calmness which I fear most; it will kill you, or worse than that—you understand me. You must pursue this matter no farther. The man is dead, and your wife—Well," he resumed, "I beg your pardon; I was wrong to call her by that name. May I speak plain?"

"You may."

"She is evidently in a state of want—of destitution. This must not be. You must allow her—settle upon her—enough to rescue her from poverty and its temptations. She must not starve; I see you could not bear that. And you must forget her. It will not do to see a young man like yourself sacrificed, self-sacrificed, to the villainy of a scoundrel. I will say no more, Saville. Vice has too much homage paid to her when an honorable man is made her victim."

Herbert was right—he was always so. No, no; she must not starve. That were indeed a miserable triumph to me. I went to my solicitor on the next morning, and a deed was made out, settling a competence upon her, and I sent with it as much money as she could require for immediate exigencies. And I was resolved that I would forget her. The worst was past, and time and occupation would do much, and I would think this misery down. But the worst was not yet past.

I was informed, one morning, that a woman in the hall desired to speak with me. Concluding that she was one of the many persons who are accustomed to wait upon the wealthy with petitions, I ordered the servant to admit her. A woman meanly dressed, and whose countenance was concealed, moved towards me, and sinking upon her knees, with her palms pressed together and raised towards me, looked up into my face. Madness in me, and misery and famine in her, must have wrought more strongly, if that were possible, than they had done, could I have failed to recognise that face instantly. Her lips moved—she would have spoken, but she had no power to speak—and with a deep and heavy groan she fell upon the floor before me. I rang the bell violently. A servant entered the room.

"Send Mrs. Martin to me instantly," Mrs. Martin said I, as the woman hastened into the room, "let Dr. Herbert be sent for immediately. You must take care of her. See that she wants nothing."

"Gracious goodness! it is my mistress!" said the woman, as she raised her head upon her knee. "You will let her remain in the house, Mr. Saville—in one of the upper rooms?"

"In her own room, Mrs. Martin—I commit her to you. When she recovers, we can make other arrangements."

It is out of the power of fortune or of fate to excite such feelings within me now as pressed upon my heart for some days after this scene. I thank heaven for it. Human strength or weakness could not again endure so dreadful a conflict of brute passion and of human feeling. That piteous face raised to mine would not depart from me. That she should kneel—that she should have been degraded abjectly to crouch before me for forgiveness, for pardon, for the vilest pity—and that I should know and feel that the basest exaltation was the poorest recompense—oh! I cannot pursue this farther.

Some days after this—it was on a Sunday forenoon—Mrs. Martin entered the room. She took a seat opposite to me.

"I am come to speak with you, Mr. Saville," she said.

"Well, madam, proceed."

"Mrs. Saville, my mistress, sir, is dying."

I spoke not for some minutes, although I was not altogether unprepared for a communication of this nature.

"You will take the child to her, madam; she will wish to see him."

"Oh, sir, she has seen him every day since she came here, and he is with her now. You will not be offended, sir, if I tell you that she has seen him many times within the last two years. Yes, sir, when you were—"

"Mad, madam!—speak plainly!—I was mad!"

"She came, sir, to me, and fell at my feet, imploring to see the child, and I could not refuse her. I could not bear that my mistress should kneel to me, and not be permitted to behold her own son;" and here the woman wept bitterly.

"It is very well," said I, after a pause; "I do not blame you. It is better, perhaps, that it should have been so."

"Could I prevail upon you, sir?" she continued, wiping her eyes; "might I be so bold as to hope—"

I anticipated the woman's thoughts.

"She has expressed no wish that I should see her, Mrs. Martin?"

"She does not mention your name even to me," said she; "but she must not die without seeing you; she must not, Mr. Saville."

My nature at times was changed from what it had been since I was released from the mad-house. I cast a glance at the woman, which she understood and feared.

"Mention not this subject again, madam, and leave me. I would be alone."

I was disturbed by what the housekeeper had told me. She was dying. It was well. I wished her to die. I felt that until she was dead, my heart could not be brought to forgive her.

I walked out and bent my steps towards the lodgings which Hastings had formerly occupied. I found the woman of the house at home, and with a calmness which I have since marvelled at, I drew from her all the particulars of their sojourn at her house. They had been living with her about ten months before the death of Hastings, who, she understood, had been entirely deserted by his relations, but why she knew not. About a month previous to the decease of Hastings, he came home one night, saying that he had been waylaid by a ruffian and much injured, and he had never risen from his bed again.

I ventured to ask "if Mr. Harris and his wife lived happily together?"

The woman shook her head. "There was a strange mystery about them," said she, "which I never could rightly make out. She was ever gentle and obedient; but still there was something unlike a wife, I used to think, whenever she addressed him. And he, sir—poor man! we should not speak ill of the dead—but when he came home—from the gaming-house, we often thought—how he used to strike and beat her, telling her to go to her Mr. Saville! He was jealous of you, sir, I suppose, but I am certain without cause; for she was an angel, sir, if ever angel was born upon this earth. But you are ill, sir. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," said I, rising suddenly; "I am better now;" and pressing my purse upon the woman, I rushed from the house.

God of justice! how dreadful is thy vengeance, and how thou oft-times makest the sinner work out his own punishment! I thought not of the wife at first; I thought of Isabella Denham. My heart dwelt upon her once more as I had first beheld her at the theatre, the young, the lovely, the innocent being of former days. I remembered when but to see her for a moment at the window was happiness unspeakable; when even the pressure of her hand in mine was a blessing and a delight to me. And to think that this creature, who had lain in my bosom, who had been tended, watched, almost served, with a degree of love akin to idolatry, who had never seen one glance of unkindness from me, who heard no tone from my lips save of affection—too often of foolish weakness; to think that this creature should have become the slave, the drudge, the spurned and beaten drudge of a brutal miscreant. The thought was too horrible!

I had scarcely entered my own house when Mrs. Martin sought me.

"For mercy's sake, sir!" she said in agitation, "come and take your last leave of my mistress. She is dying, and has prayed to see you once more."

I followed her in silence. I met Herbert at the door of the room.

"I am glad you are come," said he. He was in tears.

"I am too weak, Herbert; am I not?"

He pressed my hand. "No, no!" and he left me. I entered the room, and sat down by her side. She spoke not for some minutes.

"I wished to see you once more, Mr. Saville," she said at length in a low tone, and without raising her eyes to my face, "to implore, not your pardon, for that I dare not expect; but that you will not curse my memory when I am gone. You would not, Edward," and she tremblingly touched my hand as it lay upon the bed, "if you knew all, or if I could tell you all."

I answered something, but I know not what.

"I have been guilty," she resumed, "but I did not meditate guilt. Heaven is my witness that I speak the truth. I was betrayed; and the rest was fear, and frenzy, and despair!"

I could conceive that vow—I could believe it; I did believe it, and I was human. I took both her hands in mine.

"Look at me, Isabella; look in my face!"

She did so, but with hesitation, and as she did so she started.

"Nay, we are both altered; but other miseries might have done this. I forgive you from my heart and from my soul. As we first met, so shall we now part. All shall be forgotten—all is forgiven. God bless you!"

Those words had killed her. Her eyes dwelt upon me for one moment with their first sweetness in them—a sigh—and earth alone remained!

### THE HAUNTING FACE.

By Kate B. Tyson.

Comes there, from old blessed memory,  
Peeping from the shadowy past,  
One sweet face, as fresh and lifelike  
As the day I saw it last?  
Years have had their birth and burial,  
Long, long years, a weary score,  
But their treacherous footprint lurketh  
On that sweet face never more.

Wary eyes gaze on the midnight,  
Hers are answering from the gloom,  
And I see it, with its halo,  
Gliding softly through the room;  
Eyes of hazel, full of soul light—  
Eyes of blessed spirit fires—  
Lips, whose softest whisperings ever  
Bring sweet thoughts of angel lyres.

Haunting face, I sleeping see thee!  
Waking, thou art there again!  
And I'm thinking, while I slumber,  
On this heart thy head hath lain!  
Haunting face, I'd weep, but that  
These eyes are hot and burning dry—  
Burning as the Heavens in summer,  
When the drought is in the sky.

And this gasping, heart home-sickness,  
That comes choking up the breath—  
Sick for home! Oh, God! where is it?  
Answer where, oh, friendly death!  
Haunting face, thou'rt been a beacon  
Through this warring world of strife,  
Shining, upward—beckoning onward,  
Smoothing down this restless life.

### ADA LEIGH;

OR,

### THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of the "Flower of the Flock," "Snake in the Grass," &c.

#### CHAPTER XX.—A CHANGE O'ER THE SPIRIT OF THE DREAM.

WHEN Cecil Wykeham, on his arrival at Verner place, entered the chamber into which he had been shown, expecting to meet Sir Gerard Verner, he, as we have already stated, perceived only his daughter Eleanor, and alone.

He detected the singular embarrassment she exhibited on his entrance, and possibly his countenance indicated the impression her manner had created; for at once her bearing changed; her features became composed—even rigid; while her mien retained the haughtiness she had displayed on checking her first impulse, under the surprise of his unexpected appearance at the moment, to receive him with a friendly warmth of manner.

What she had intended to say died on her lips, and she left it to him to speak. Unable to comprehend what this unlooked-for conduct could mean, he said:

"I expected to have found Sir Gerard Verner here. I hope that this unintended intrusion—"

"Make no apologies, Mr. Wykeham," interrupted Eleanor, in a low but cold tone. "Sir Gerard, I know, expected either to see you or to hear from my uncle, Mr. Leigh; he therefore possibly has left some instructions respecting your coming. He is at present from home."

She rang a bell as she spoke; it was answered by a servant.

"Send Sturgeon to me," she said to the man as soon as he appeared. He bowed and retired; and within two or three minutes, the complaisant butler appeared.

"Has Sir Gerard Verner returned?" she inquired.

"No, miss," he answered, with a respectful bow.

"Did he leave with you any instructions respecting the probable arrival of Mr. Wykeham during his absence?"

"Yes, miss," returned the butler. "Sir Gerard informed me that he expected the young gentleman to arrive about this hour, and he desired that he should be ushered into this apartment. Sir Gerard also desired me to place some refreshment before him, and to request you to receive him during his absence."

Eleanor knew what this meant. Proud, impetuous, haughty and self-willed as was her nature, she was compelled to bend to her father's commands; and even a hint from him bore no other construction. Her bright eye rested for a moment on Sturgeon's face, and then she said, somewhat sharply,

"Fulfil your instructions. Place at once some refreshment before Mr. Wykeham."

Cecil interposed with a quick, proud gesture. He was as much hurt as indignant at Eleanor's manner towards him. It appeared to him to be unworthy of her, and on his part undeserved. He could not account for it. He knew of nothing he had done to occasion it: he had from the first been respectful in his manner to her; and but for this proud behavior, felt attracted towards her by some inward sympathy, for which even to himself he could offer no explanation. There undoubtedly was a disparity in their conditions in life; but he could not help feeling that it was not so wide as to justify the hauteur she evinced towards him. With a flushed cheek and a sparkling eye, he forbade Sturgeon to bring him the refreshment mentioned; and he did this in such a tone and with such a manner, that the butler made an almost precipitate retreat.

Eleanor and Cecil were thus again alone.

The lady threw herself into a chair, and with her fair white hands played with the long thin gold chain which hung round her neck and was attached to her watch. She seemed plunged in a profound fit of abstraction.

Cecil remained standing. Was this musing fit real or assumed? If the latter, it was a studied insult. His brow burned; he turned upon her an impatient angry glance, and took a few hasty strides to the end of the room.

He returned and stood before her.

"Miss Verner!" he exclaimed, in an abrupt tone.

She started, looked up, rose quickly, and as she caught the expression on his face, the air she had up to that moment borne gradually gave way to one of wondering inquiry.

"Let me not, madam, I pray, detain you here!" he exclaimed, with an excitement which his voice betrayed, though had a monarchy been his, he would have given it for the power of concealing his emotion. "I cannot but see that you feel it derogatory to your position to be thus situated; and though in justice to my own birth-right, I do not share with you that impression, I am very anxious to relieve you from an embarrassment unpleasant to you, and I beg you to understand most painful to me."

Eleanor's quick eyes could read how mortified and wounded her conduct had made him feel, and she was grievously annoyed at it. Whatever might have been her behavior, it was the result of a variety of contending emotions striving for mastery over her. Her intention had been to conciliate Cecil, and—somewhat unconsciously, however—to raise in his breast an impression favorable to her; it was now evident that she had succeeded in accomplishing a totally different result, and she was startled and vexed by it.

So powerful indeed was the influence of the sudden discovery, that not foreseeing what might ensue from such an alteration of manner, she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said, with a sudden burst of passionate earnestness—

"Mr. Cecil—your pardon—Mr. Wykeham, I have thoughtlessly offended you—I am very sorry for it. I have wounded your feelings; pray forgive me, I had no such intention; I am impatient in temper, hasty in manner; my outward bearing does not always correctly convey the true state of my feelings. If I have appeared distant, cold, nay, haughty to you, I have wronged myself. Place it, I beg of you, to the account of abstraction, a whirl of contending thoughts, to anything but a desire to inflict a wound upon your self-respect."

Cecil recognized at once in this extraordinary alteration of her manner towards him the same impulsive generosity which he had witnessed at their first interview.

If her manner changed, there was an entire revulsion in his. As she spoke rapidly and with increasing animation, his eye altered its angry aspect, and beamed tenderly and gratefully upon her. When she had concluded, he thanked her in fervent language, and with an ardor and excitement surpassing her own.

Somehow, her hand had found its way into his, and he retained it while he conducted her to a chair. This was an unconscious act, and when, after she was seated, her soft fingers lingered yet in his palm, the circumstance, which might have proved so embarrassing to both, was unobserved by either.

He sat by her side, and after a moment's hesitation, she said, with a sprightly tone, either real or assumed,

"Mr. Wykeham, I am quite aware that you have been engaged upon some one of those detestable mysterious affairs in which Sir Gerard and Mr. Leigh have been so intimately associated, and so constantly, for a lengthened period, wrapped up; matters grave and weighty, no doubt, but of which I have, what I consider to be, a wholesome and proper horror. Unlike my poor cousin Ada, I have not been dragged all over the kingdom upon some wild inexplicable chase, for I have given Sir Gerard to understand that my vocation is not the unravelling of dark plots, or helping to defeat wicked stratagems, and therefore, though fond of change of scene, I object to obtaining it after the fashion in which it is presented to Ada Leigh. You will in consequence understand, Mr. Wykeham, that though I shall be your companion for the interval that is to elapse between the present moment and the return of my somewhat fierce parent, I shall put no single question concerning the undertaking upon which you have been engaged, nor shall I require of you—indeed, I should prefer that you did not reveal to me—the object of your absence, or the occasion of your return. If you please, then, we will discourse on any other topic that may offer."

Cecil could hardly believe his ears, or his eyes. Was this the proud, haughty girl who had kept him at such a distance—who had treated him with so much disdain, with bitter sarcasm and repellent arrogance?

It was not her words but the tone which now charmed him; not her sentiments, but the lively piquancy with which they were uttered that imparted animation to his previously depressed spirits. There was now something so inexpressibly fascinating in her manner, in the dancing expression of her glittering eye as it seemed to gleam on his own, that he quickly felt himself as if under a spell, forgetful of the past unpleasantness, and unmindful of aught but that he was in the presence and exposed to the fascinations and witcheries of an elegant and beautiful girl, bent on making herself, to him, only too attractive.

Having once mastered the barrier which, in spite of herself, had at first separated her from any community of feeling with Cecil, Eleanor was now disposed to pass far beyond the limits in the other direction; that is to say, having at first determined that he was a *parvenu*, she was now all inclined to regard him as a patrician. She shut her eyes designedly to the secretaryship, for it had presented itself to her at one or two very unwelcome moments, and assured herself that so much polished gentility of manner, such elegance of appearance, and such handsome eyes and face could only belong to one who was not a "person," but of distinguished origin, although, at present, the fact itself was shrouded in mystery.

It is amazing how soon two young people of opposite sexes, both handsome and attractive, work their way into each other's good graces after the ice, which incrusts their first meeting, is thawed. Anything serves for conversation, and becomes invested with a nameless charm when both are bent on making themselves agreeable. Cecil and Eleanor rattled on in a lively strain, and each became more pleased with the other as they proceeded, until no one, who could have seen them thus engaged in sprightly badinage, would have believed that there had ever been any coldness between them, or that they were not on a perfect equality of position, if not actually on the eve of an engagement.

It was not so long since Eleanor had finished her education, and this might be said to be the first opportunity she had obtained of bringing into play some of those fascinations of manner which most young ladies naturally possess, and which are designed especially to slaughter the unsuspecting hearts of young men. To do her justice, she did not maintain in reserve the most dangerous artillery she could bring to bear upon his susceptible nature, even though it might cost him his heart. What she would perhaps have done had other eyes been fastened on her, it is perhaps not so difficult to guess, but it is certain that all those charms and graces of movement, those bewitching smiles, and that playful converse which, analysed, amounts to mere talk, and yet which tells with such force, were freely bestowed on Cecil, now she knew herself to be unobserved by any one but him.

He was enchanted; he forgot everything but her presence, until the conversation turning upon herself, she commented upon her own wild waywardness, and sought with a well defined purpose to prove that it led her into censurable tricks by referring to the act which had placed in his hands a prize he had treasured up with sacred care, since it had come into his possession, namely, Ada's dress.

It was strange that her heart should beat so violently when the words fell from her lips, which recalled it to his memory.

Strange that he should fall into great heat and confusion as though he had detected himself, or had been discovered in the commission of an act that he knew would admit of blame.

There was for a moment an embarrassing silence, but Eleanor once having opened the subject, was not the person to let it drop until she had fulfilled the purpose she had framed respecting it. She therefore said,

"I will only so far palliate my indiscretion, Mr. Wykeham, by declaring solemnly my act was without motive. It was the deed of a silly school girl, but I believe that I have the undeserved fortune



of occasioning no actual mischief by my piece of absurdity. I am sure that you will think no more of the affair, as I know my kind and gentle cousin Ada has dismissed it from her memory; and as for the unlucky tress itself—have you it still, Mr. Wykeham?"

Mr. Wykeham at that moment had his heart beating under it—beating at no slow and measured pace either. Mr. Wykeham looked very serious, and made a slow, slight, yet grave nod of assent.

"I think," said Eleanor, examining one of the ornaments attached to her gold chain very closely, "I think, Mr. Wykeham, it would be—at least it suggests itself to me to be the most proper course for you to return that lock of hair to me—"

"Pardon me, to you, Miss Verner?" responded Cecil with some surprise.

"To me, that I as the author of the mischief may so far repair my idle folly by restoring, with my own hands, the tress to her from whom I stole it."

As Cecil had it actually and absolutely resting next to his heart, he, however willing he might have been to give it up, felt that its production from its resting place was an awkward matter. He was not at all willing to surrender it, but he was less willing to betray to Eleanor, by the very place in which it was deposited, that she had done pretty much of the mischief she considered herself fortunate in having avoided. Under the circumstances, his predicament was rather perplexing. How to refuse her request he knew not; he was quite aware that he had not the shadow of a claim to retain it; to produce it was out of the question; and what was the middle course?

Eleanor watched him closely, while he did not for one instant take his eyes off her. He quickly perceived a frost was approaching; her figure began to assume its original grandeur of carriage; her eyelids to contract.

"You hesitate, Mr. Wykeham," she said in a cold tone.

He saw that to avoid a *contretemps* he must be prompt in his decision. He therefore replied,

"I hesitate, Miss Verner, only as to what would really be the proper mode of returning the tress to Miss Leigh."

"Have I not suggested it?" she asked.

"At the first blush it does appear to be the proper mode, I confess," he returned; "yet, as to my custody it was entrusted by Miss Leigh—"

"By me—you forget, Mr. Wykeham," interposed Eleanor impatiently.

"Pray, Miss Verner, do not misinterpret my view of the occurrence, or my intentions in reference to it," he responded in an appealing tone. "I am quite conscious that I received it under circumstances over which Miss Leigh had no control; that I have not the smallest excuse for retaining it one instant, nor do I attach to it the slightest—"

The door at the instant flew open, and in stalked Sir Gerard Verner. He held out his hand to Cecil.

"Mr. Wykeham," he said, "I am glad to see you; your presence augurs well. You have a communication for me, I presume, from Mr. Leigh."

Cecil from his breast pocket produced a wallet, from which he took Mr. Leigh's note and handed it to him.

Sir Gerard took it eagerly, and tore it open, and his eye raced rapidly down the contents. As he concluded he said quickly,

"And the deed, Mr. Wykeham?"

"Is here," responded Cecil, producing that which he had recovered from Jonathan Drax.

Sir Gerard Verner ran his eye eagerly over the indorsement. He raised his glance for a moment heavenward, dashed a tear hastily from his eyelid, and said,

"Mr. Wykeham, there appears to have been a special interposition of Providence in your introduction to Mr. Leigh and to myself. In saying this I include your somewhat less polished but brave, active and clever friend, Mr. Holyoak. Between you, you save Mr. Leigh's life, and some most valuable papers; between you, you have recovered documents we have been years in tracing; and, together, I have the fullest confidence you will perform with success all that yet remains to be accomplished. Henceforth I shall look upon you as a friend, Mr. Wykeham. I trust you will regard me as such. Let there be no idle distinction of condition between us; for he whose acts entitle him to our high estimation should never be kept beneath the level of our hearts by a difference of position on earth, which is unknown in the grave."

He wrung Cecil's hand heartily as he spoke. Then he turned to his daughter.

"Nell," said he, "with all your fantastic notions, you have a true heart and a gentle spirit. I know that I have but to say to you, Nell, Mr. Wykeham is your father's friend, for you to receive him and conduct yourself to him as such."

Glistening tears stood in Eleanor's eyes. She held out her hand to Cecil. She remembered how she had first met him. He took her hand and raised it to his lips, and she pressed his hand as he did so.

Ah! the pressure of that hand. It is not much, the pressure of a hand—yet how much misery, as well as bliss, so slight a contraction of the fingers has occasioned!

"Well and nobly done, Nell!" cried her father, with evident gratification. "Ah, I see the beginning of the end approaching."

Ay! and it was but the beginning.

"Come, we will join Ada and Lacy Verner," continued Sir Gerard, with a laugh. "By my faith! they seem to have been having a most interesting *tête-à-tête* during your absence, Nell."

"Indeed!" she replied eagerly. "Tell me, there's a dear, good-natured papa, were they very—very deep in conversation, when you entered the drawing-room?"

Sir Gerard laughed again.

"No, in sooth," he answered; "I expect that you, Nell, found a far more sociable companion in Mr. Wykeham, for you were in hard conversation when I entered."

Eleanor slightly reddened. Cecil thought more of the deep conversation which he presumed had taken place between Lacy Verner and Ada, than he did of what the observation of Sir Gerard might seem to imply, so far as it bore reference to himself. He suddenly became curious to know what kind of person the gentleman was, and what would be the character of a *tête-à-tête* between him and Ada. He trusted he might turn out to be an elderly personage; but he began to waver in the hope when Eleanor replied to her father—

"Mr. Wykeham and myself found plenty of topics to converse upon. Surely, Mr. Verner, if a true Verner, would be at no loss to keep Ada well employed in laughing and listening to his flattery and his gallant compliments."

She gave a sidelong glance at Cecil as she uttered these words. He appeared grave and thoughtful.

Sir Gerard again laughed.

"No true Verner, Nell, if that be the test," he returned. "Why, Ada was deep in the pages of some book, and he was—ha, ha!—upon the settee asleep, or trying to become so."

A curl of scorn turned the lip of Eleanor.

"The beauty, the sweetness, and the rare intelligence Ada possesses ought to have saved her from such stupid indifference," she exclaimed, pettishly. She was passionately fond of her cousin, and felt a slight to Ada more deeply than even that gentle girl would herself have done.

Cecil did not feel sorry altogether that the rare qualifications of Ada should have had a soporific effect on Lacy Verner. Sir Gerard, with a smile, responded,

"Rather say, Nell, his good looks, and his desire to be civil and complaisant have not saved him from her indifference."

Eleanor only quickened her pace in reply to this observation, while Cecil seemed to think it an excellent view of the case, evidently preferring that the indifference should be upon Ada's side.

On entering the room, however, Sir Gerard's description received

a strange contradiction, for Ada was at the table looking over a volume of exquisite engravings, and Lacy Verner was bending over her, speaking in a low, but deep and earnest tone.

Both rose up as Sir Gerard stalked into the drawing-room, followed by Eleanor and Cecil, and the latter's first impulse was to fasten his eyes upon Lacy Verner, and to endeavor, by a deep, close, anxious scrutiny to decipher his character.

He observed that the young gentleman subjected him to the very same description of inspection, that he did not appear to regard him with any degree of friendly gratification, or exhibit impatience to make his acquaintance. He turned his gaze slowly from him to Ada. He found her eyes fastened upon his own with an expression in them that stirred his heart with a new emotion.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

MATHEW HOLYOAK, upon his arrival at Verner place in company with Sir Gerard Verner, gave a pithy but plain account of the manner in which he had fulfilled his mission.

At first it had been his intention not to include in the narration any mention of Netty Hardress; but a little reflection suggested to him that, as Gilbert Black and Gilbert Hardress were one and the same person, and that there was every possibility of some stirring incidents in connection with him yet being enacted, it would be the best policy to reserve nothing; so he made a clean breast of all.

Sir Gerard listened attentively, and with marked approval; he commented upon the risks Mat had encountered, and expressed his satisfaction that he had so well surmounted them; and he made some minute inquiries respecting Netty, in whose case he seemed strangely interested. He made Mat twice recount the history she gave of herself, and in emphatic terms signified his approbation of the course which, at Mat's suggestion, she had adopted, of making her way to Ingleby. He impressed upon Mat the necessity of his enjoining upon his friends to conceal as much as possible her presence.

"For," said he emphatically, "as I know to what end Gilbert Black has been plotting and scheming, there must be some important secret connected with her origin, which has induced him to endeavor to force her to become his wife."

"She is very pretty," suggested Mat.

A smile curled the lip of Sir Gerard.

"If she were as beautiful as the eastern houris, Gilbert Black would not plunge into matrimony simply because she was beautiful!" he exclaimed. "No, he has some motive, hidden well, we may be sure, for making her his wife; and he is not the man to remain idle after she has escaped him. He will try to recover her. He knows, or at least believes, that you effected her release, and he will conclude that you know where she has been placed. Finding that she has not returned to Bristol, he will immediately conclude that you have selected the spot for her concealment—Does he know that you came from Ingleby?"

"He does, sir," replied Mat, his face assuming a grave expression. "Then be certain, my friend, he will not leave that place unsearched. We must take steps to frustrate whatever designs he may there attempt to execute."

Mat's brow contracted, and he set his teeth a little closely together.

"I don't place much faith in fate, sir," he observed in reply; "but I have a notion that I shall three or four times come into contact with Hardress, or Black, or whatever his name is; I did not fall violently in love with him at first, and I am quite sure that we have not improved the acquaintance. One of these encounters I suspect will end in leaving him or me with little to boast of. However in respect to Ingleby, I have already put my relatives on their guard, and if he is caught by any of my brothers, endeavoring to take Netty away against her will, he won't be able to lay in bed in comfort for a long time, I'll warrant."

"I hope soon to draw his fangs, and render him quite harmless," exclaimed Sir Gerard; "but until then it will not do to abate a precaution; his activity and energy are something extraordinary. We have been contending for some time with him and his father, in affairs of an unusual and peculiar kind, and I think I now see the day of our triumph approaching. That which will make us, will destroy him. He knows it; and his last exertions we must be prepared to find of a desperate and a most determined character. When, however, you are better fitted to hear, to examine, and to execute certain proposals I am about to make to you, I will enter on this matter at greater length. You are weary after your excitement and exertion, and I should counsel you to retire as early as possible. A room has been prepared for you, seek a good night's repose, and in the morning, at an early hour, come to me in my library."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and gave the necessary directions to the servant, who conducted Mat to a private room.

According to his instructions, he proceeded in the morning to the library, where he found Sir Gerard alone.

The first subject introduced was that which was uppermost in Mat's thought, namely, the observation made to him by Jasper Olive respecting Mrs. Alabaster. He was rather disconcerted to find that Sir Gerard paid little or no attention to the matter, and he re-introduced the subject several times with a pertinacity which at length struck Sir Gerard.

Regarding him with a fixed look, he said,

"You appear, friend Holyoak, to attach some deeper importance to the words of the scrivener's clerk than they appear to me to possess. To tell you the truth, I have no interest in, and but a very superficial knowledge of, the affair which is connected with Mrs. Alabaster; it is Mr. Leigh alone, and unless you have a peculiar reason for adopting a different course, I fancy we had better wait Mr. Leigh's return to London before we take any further step in the business."

Mat had a "peculiar" reason for adopting a different course, and he did not want to wait Mr. Leigh's return to London before he could secure an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with the prettiest face his eyes had ever lighted on.

There are few of us who, under such circumstances, would have been disposed to wait with stoical indifference for an indefinite period.

The worst of the matter was, our "friend Holyoak" did not like to confess the peculiar reason alluded to, but rather than miss a chance of seeing Lucy's dear eyes again, he cleared his throat, screwed his courage up for the task, and said,

"I remember, sir, once upon the hill side near Ingleby, I met a gipsy woman, who seeing something soft and foolish in my face, attempted to coax a piece of silver out of my pocket; in return for which she was to find in the stars for me a beautiful young lady for a bride, a respectable flock of children, and a rather extraordinary amount of good fortune."

"Tush, Holyoak, what has this to do with Mrs. Alabaster?" interposed Sir Gerard abruptly.

"Only this, sir," answered Mat; "that on my informing the woman that some other day I would listen to her romancing, she answered, 'there is nothing like present time, sir.'"

"A very sensible observation, too," observed Sir Gerard.

"So I thought, sir," continued Mat; "and though I confess it is a roundabout way of introducing its application, I think we may apply it in the present instance. It is, perhaps, a curious circumstance that I, a day or two since, saved a young lady from a threatening danger, and I learned from her that her name was Alabaster. She pointed out to me also her residence—it is not far from here. As Alabaster is not a common name, and the situation of the dwelling is retired, it occurred to me that I had by accident lighted on the very person the writer of the note I conveyed to the city desired to discover. Now for the application of the gipsy's proverb! Would it not be as well for me to settle the point by proceeding to the house of the lady I have seen, and by putting certain questions to her—which, sir, you might suggest—ascertain whether she is or is

not the person in question? If she prove not to be, done; and if she is the lady sought for, time will and precautions taken to prevent her removing w known to us whither she is gone."

Sir Gerard Verner mused for a moment, and then he "There seems reason in your proposition, and, but for I see nothing to prevent your carrying it out."

"What may that be?" inquired Mat, prepared to comb objection he might submit.

"You must not suppose that your adventure with Gilbert yesterday, will be permitted by him to pass over without at retaliation. I know the man; he will be deterred by sideration if he can inflict a deadly injury upon you. It will in revenge alone for the blow with which you felled him, but having successfully got away with documents invaluable both, myself and Mr. Leigh, and destructive to schemes prosecuted with singular persistency for years."

Mat laughed, and said, with a gesture of scorn,

"I fear him not."

"I believe you, my friend," rejoined Sir Gerard, "but he is not the less a man to guard against. It is not improbable but that, as soon as he recovered the effect of the blow he received from your hand, that he mounted his horse and followed you here in hot pursuit."

"I gave him credit for it," said Mat.

"It is not certain that he is not now in the vicinity, having tracked you hither, lying in wait to do you an injury."

"Let him come, I shall be prepared to face him," returned Mat, coolly.

"You know not in what shape he may come," persisted Sir Gerard; "he may follow you to inflict personal injury, or give you into custody on a charge of robbery, or—"

"If considerations based only on what Hardress may attempt are the sole objections to my paying a visit to the lady bearing the name of Alabaster, I will even go there at once," interrupted Mat, hastily. "For if, Sir Gerard, I should permit for one moment your presages concerning this man to affect me, I had better at once retire to my sleeping chamber and barricade myself."

Sir Gerard Verner laughed.

"As you will; but be cautious," he exclaimed.

He sat down to his desk and penned a note, and when he had finished it, sealed and handed it to Mat.

"If," he said, "the lady you are about to visit should be the Mrs. Alabaster Mr. Leigh desires to see, she will write a reply to that note; if not, it will be incomprehensible to her."

Mat almost snatched it from him, and quitted the library in haste. He sought his own room, and just giving a glance at the looking-glass to see that he was not altogether out of "apple-pie order," mounted his own little cob.

He paused before the house and looked up. The throbbing emotion of pleased expectation gave way to a sudden sickening of the heart; all the window-blinds were down save one at the staircase—and that was partly drawn. The house had a strange, silent, lonely look he did not like.

He dismounted, fastened his cob by its bridle-rein to the iron railings which surrounded the garden of the house, and, seeing a bell handle close to the iron gate, he pulled it, determined, at all events, to find some one to answer the inquiries he intended to put.

The bell rang, but there was no response. Once again he pulled it, and looking up as the bell sounded at the staircase window, to his amazement he saw what he had mistaken for an Italian image slowly disappear from it with a descending movement.

Before his wonder had abated, the street door was unfastened, was opened a little way, and the bronze face peered through the narrow space.

Mat saw that the outer gate was only confined by a latch, so he raised it and advanced to the door. As he approached it a small voice, with a tone in it of one who had been crying much, said,

"What you want?"

Mat almost felt the name of the woman he had come to see die upon his lips, but by an effort he cleared his voice, and said,

"Does Mrs. Alabaster live here?"

The face nodded, but the only sound which he could hear was something very like a convulsive sob.

"Death has been at work here," he thought, and he could not restrain a deep-sigh. It was a most inauspicious beginning; however, he determined to go on with his interrogatories.

"Is she at home?" he asked, in a quiet, low tone.

"No," returned the poor little voice, with a gasp.

"Is there no one at home?" he inquired, in the same tone.

"Only me," it answered.

"Don't be afraid, my poor little girl," he continued; "I do not wish to frighten you, or to come nearer than I am, only I don't want all the neighborhood to hear what I have to say," observed Mat.

He saw a pair of large, dark, melancholy eyes bent earnestly on his face, intent on reading his nature through his features. He was rather struck by the intelligence and the sadness of the orbs turned on him; but before he could add anything to his observation, the little voice said,

"No, you can stand there; you ain't a bit like Mr. Jasper. You don't look like a thief as he does, ah! and he—never mind, I know."

"Who is Mr. Jasper?" thought Mat, but without making any allusion to the remark, he replied,

"I wish very particularly to see Mrs. Alabaster."

"Then you can't," said poor little Winks, for the reader will have recognised that she was the speaker.

"No; you tell me she is out; but when will she return?" asked Mat.

He saw the tears roll like pearls down her grimed cheeks, as she shook her head.

"What is the matter?" inquired Mat, in a kind, earnest tone.

"Who are you?" she asked. "Who do you come from? You ain't a Scorch and Witherem, are you?"

"A what?" he inquired with surprise.

"A Scorch and Witherem," she replied, looking fixedly at him.

"I don't know what you mean," he returned. "I am—that is, I desire to be—a friend of Mrs. Alabaster's."

"A friend?" echoed Winks.

"Yes, you know what that means, don't you?" he responded.

"No," she said seriously, "we don't seem to know any friends here. But you means well, I see that in your face, and you mean well to Miss Lucy too, don't you?"

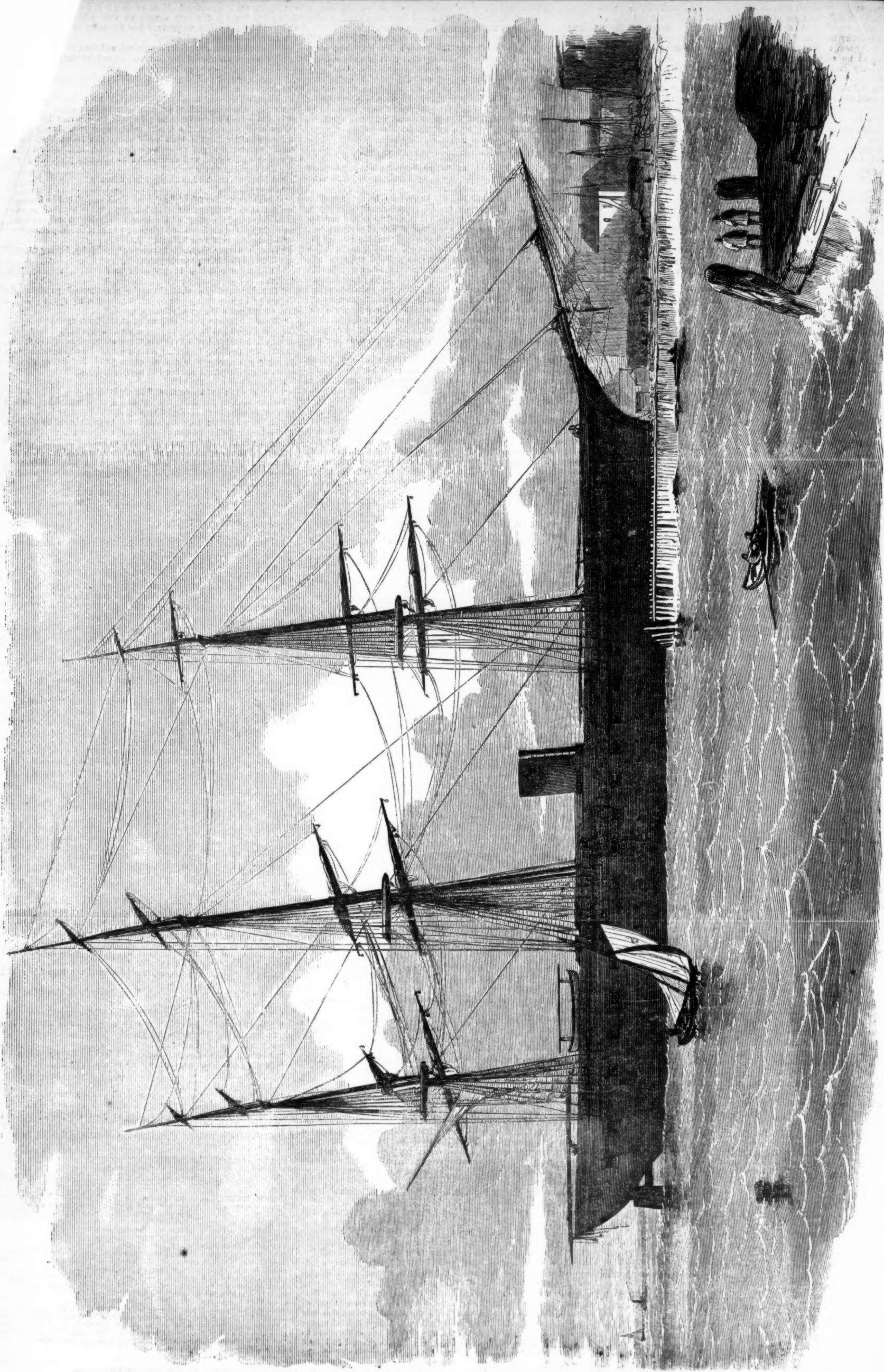
"Don't I!" ejaculated Mat with such earnestness that Winks with a gulp of joy opened the door, and said,

"I see you does. Come in."

(To be continued.)

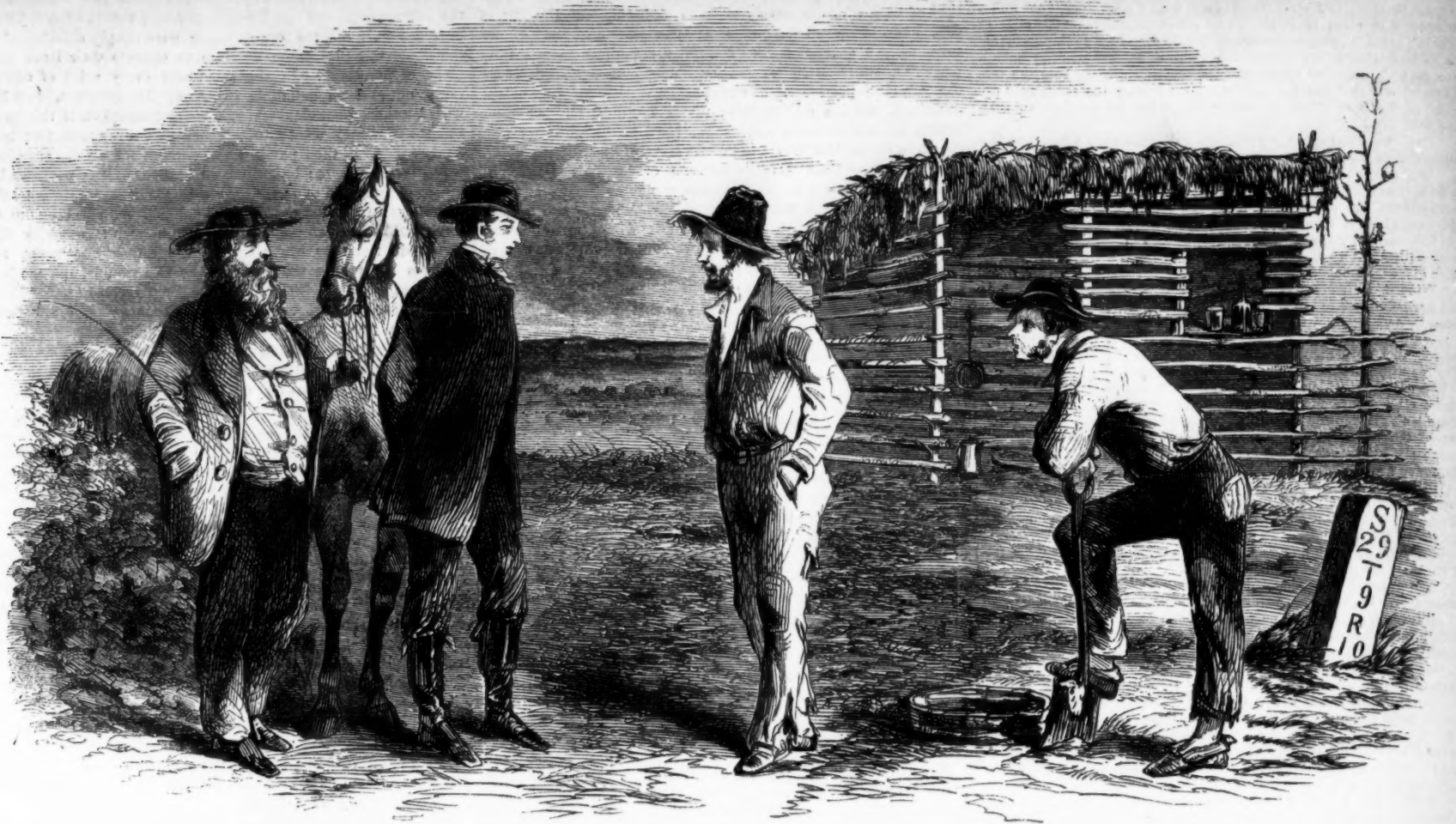
**Soldier's Suicide.**—A private in the Royal Canadian Rifles, named Thomas Murray, committed suicide at Toronto, a few days ago, by shooting himself with his musket, in the barracks at the Garrison Common. It appears that deceased, who was about twenty-nine years of age, and a native of Glasgow, Scotland, enlisted in the Seventy-first Regiment, with which he came to Canada. On the return of that regiment he volunteered into the Sixteenth, and from thence into the Royal Canadian Rifles. He had just completed his ten years' service, and had a few days before been sworn in by the Police Magistrate, Mr. Gurnett, for a further period of ten years. About six o'clock in the evening he was, along with his comrades, cleaning his accoutrements in the barrack room. While so engaged, sitting on his bed, he took up his rifle, and placing the butt end on the ground, he leaned his chin on the end of the barrel and said to the men in the room, "Boys, did you ever see a fellow drink water in this way?" He then struck the trigger with his foot, and the piece was instantly discharged. The bullet with which it was loaded entered under his chin, and the death of the unfortunate man was almost instantaneous. The utmost consternation prevailed among those in the room, as it was against orders to have a rifle loaded in the barracks, and they had all been of opinion that their late companion was only joking when he placed his chin over the muzzle of the gun. No cause can be assigned for the commission of the rash act, as the deceased was a young man of sober habits. He was a general favorite with his comrades, and not one of them is aware that anything has happened so as to occasion him thus to put an end to his existence.





THE NEW RUSSIAN FRIGATE GENERAL ADMIRAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.





LIFE IN NEBRASKA—PRE-EMPTION IMPROVEMENTS ACCORDING TO THE LETTER OF THE LAW.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

## THE GENERAL ADMIRAL.

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers in this impression, an accurate illustration of the General Admiral, the ship of war built for the Russian Government by Mr. Webb, and now lying at the foot of Canal street, North river.

In a former issue of our paper, we engraved a view of the General Admiral in the balance dock, receiving her copper, &c. Since that time, rapid progress has been made in her completion, and we are informed that she will be ready to sail for Russia in six weeks time.

A trial trip for the purpose of testing her machinery was made on the 4th of May last. Nobody was allowed on board except those persons immediately engaged in her construction. She proceeded down the East river with her engine working satisfactorily, but owing to her gigantic size, and to prevent accidents, she was aided by several steamboats to keep her in the channel. As she proceeded down the bay she passed several of our largest Liverpool packets, and they looked like mere pigmies in comparison with her. As soon as she got an offing from Governor's Island the steamtugs cast off their lines, and the leviathan steamed down the bay in beautiful style.

We understand that another trial trip will soon take place, when a large number of gentlemen interested in naval matters will be invited to be present.

It is our intention to further illustrate this subject at an early date.

## NEBRASKA SKETCHES.

We present our readers this week with sketches taken by our correspondent in Nebraska.

The first drawing gives a scene where the frontiersman is actually

making improvements and acting up to the spirit, and not the letter, of the pre-emption law.

There are in the Far West many such homes, tenanted only by hardworking families, with but little refinement, but enjoying after their labor that peace and tranquillity which the educated dweller in cities often longs for in vain.

All, however, do not work with the same appreciation of the law, as will be abundantly shown by the following incident, which came under the notice of our correspondent, and in which, indeed, he figured as one of the green 'uns.

He shall tell it in his own words:

"Come! lay aside your paper, put away your pencils, and let us have an old-fashioned ride, like those we often enjoyed through the mountains of the Old Dominion in days of yore; when we thought our equestrian feats rivalled those of the knights, in their tilts and tournaments, and we enjoyed the exciting pleasure with a better relish than ever did a prince or nobleman engage in the festivities at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. What say you?" exclaimed my enthusiastic friend, Colonel Rogers, with whom I had been spending a short time, at his pleasant Prairie Cottage, as he laid down an armful of melons, fresh from the patch. The suggestion required no repetition; and in a few minutes we were away upon the verdant prairies, mounted on a dashing pair of ponies, which, like their riders, seemed eager for their morning exercise. We followed no frequented road or well beaten path, but took a dim "Indian trail" that led toward a broad fertile valley a few miles distant. One moment we were galloping through a grove of tall forest trees; the next, we went plunging down a steep hill-side into a narrow vale, where a gurgling stream, pure as the sparkling dew, made merry music, as its bright waters washed the pebbled banks, which were fringed with flowers and adorned with tufts of fern and luxuriant grass. Here we detained a few minutes to refresh ourselves and ponies, and

again pursued our course down the glen, and soon reached the broad valley. Away across the prairie we saw an object, and turning our animals in that direction, soon discovered it to be a couple of regular Westernized down-easters, engaged in building what seemed to be large turkey traps. Approaching the parties, we accosted one of them.

"Many turkeys around here?"

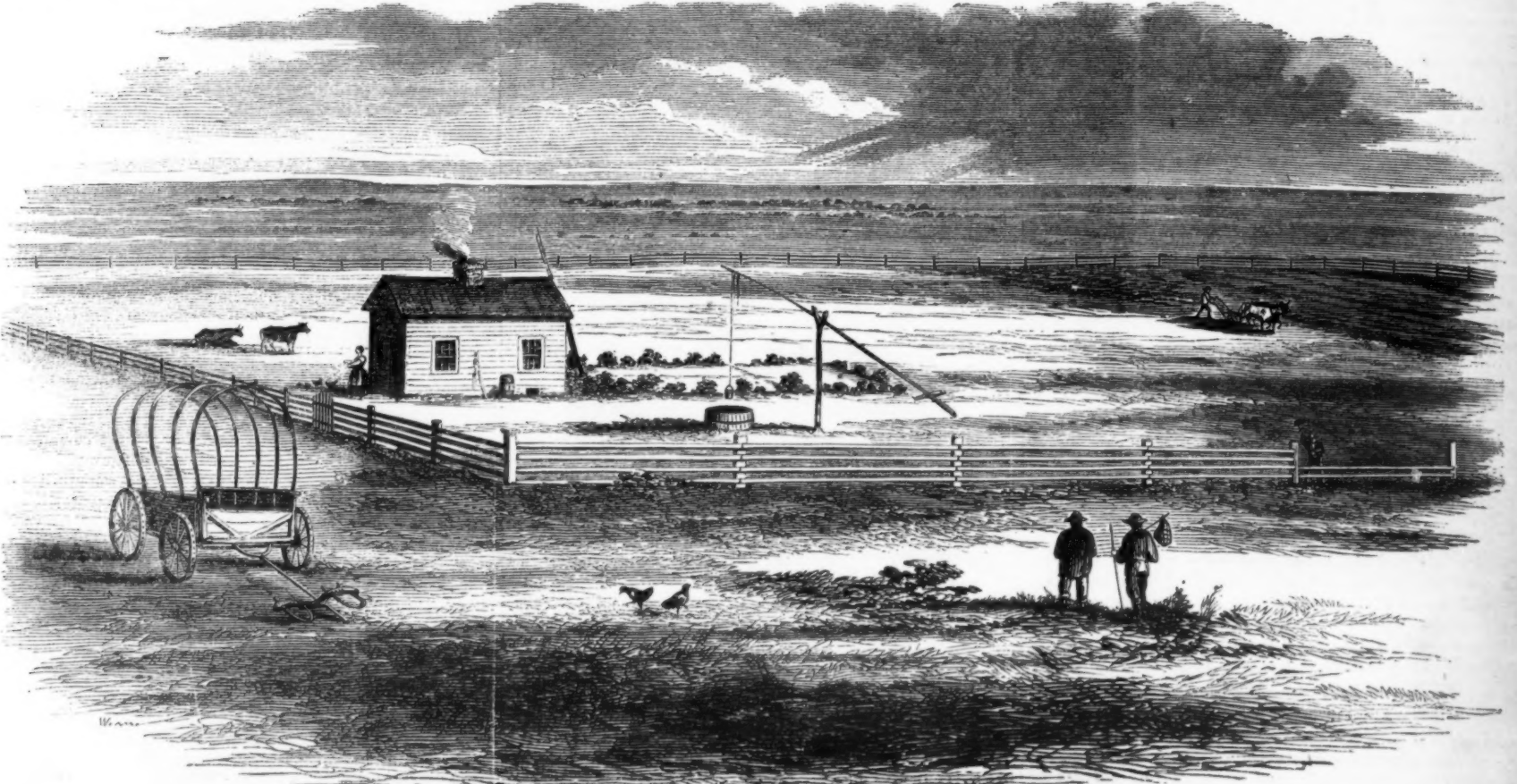
"Turkeys indeed!" replied the frontiersman, "think there's turkeys out in the prairie? Must be a stranger in these parts, or you'd be looking for turkeys in the timber?"

"Oh, no, you are mistaken; we are not hunting, but asked the question, as you appear to be constructing a turkey trap."

"Turkey trap the d—!" said the Yankee, somewhat nettled at our remark. "Call that preemption improvement a turkey trap, do you? Wal, I kinder reckon I wasn't far out of the way when I took yer two coons fur green 'uns. Guess you're jest from the east'n country, an' hevent learnt the A B C's out here on the prairie yet? Why, stranger, everything is done as different out here from what it's down-east, as daylight is from darkness; an' less a fellow understands heself right up to the handle, he don't stand no show at all with the cute fellows one finds out here on the frontier."

"You are right," we replied, wishing to court conversation and a development of 'frontier outeness.' "We are not long in this country and are ignorant of many of the customs and ways of the people in this fast community, and always regard it as a kindness for a friend to post us."

"Du tell," replied the down-easter, "that's the talk, an' as maybe you'll be wantin' to take up a quarter of land somewhere in these parts, I'll jest tell you how we manage preemptions for short; cause yer see its all-fired hard times, an' we have to be economical, an' make a 'dollar an' a day's work' go as far as we can. You see there's four on us goes in together to preempt a quarter apiece, and



LIFE IN NEBRASKA—PRE-EMPTION IMPROVEMENTS ACCORDING TO THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



the lor says we must lay a foundation an' build a house on it inside a year, from ten to fifteen foot square, with a roof, floor, door and a winder with glass in it, an' make other improvements, such as fencin', breakin', diggin' a well an' the like." So we all put in an' made this cabin on my quarter to preempt it, an' Bill Hearney an' me are makin' the other improvements to-day, an' to-morrow the fine days be out that the lor says we must live on the land, an' I am goin' to the land office to preuue up an' lay my warrant, an' then the next day—"

"But," we interrupted, "you don't call that such a house as the law requires, do you?"

"In course we den. You see there's the cabin, ten feet square an' a little mite over, with a roof—the lor don't say whether it must be hay, boards, dirt or shingle, an' as the lor is a little ignorant we must enlighten it about our roof of prary grass—an' there's a floor (in one corner) made outer two clapboards; an' next, there's the door with shutters inside, made outer willers, an' there's a winder with glass in it, an'—"

"Window with glass in it!" said we in surprise, and looking at the bare aperture in the side of the rickety pole shanty which had been thrown together as rudely as possible.

"Wal, I want to know," was the quick reply, "guess you can't be very dry, or yeou'd a seen the glass in the winder," at the same time pointing to a bottle labelled Old Bourbon, standing in the so-called window. "You see we go 'cordin' to the letter of the lor, an' that's all we care for, an' you couldn't for yeour solemn oath say there isn't glass in the winder. For the other improvements," continued the pre-emptor, "you see Pem is commencin' a well, an' at the same time you know he is breakin' prary; an' then there's the fence at the end of the cabin, so you see we hev got all ready; an' to-morrow some of the boys will go down an' swear for me, an' then when they git ready I'll go down an' swear their preemptions through. When all is done we are ready to trade off the land on spec an' begin agin'."

"But how on earth do you manage to make one cabin answer for more than one pre-emption?" we inquired.

"Still green, I see," answered the Yankee. "You see that corner stake there, don't you? Wal, that's the section stake an' the corner of all four of our claims; so you see when we gets threw with my preemption, all right, my land is safe. Then we will jest pick up the cabin an' take it over to Pem's quarter, only a few rods; du ye understand? An' when he gets threw with his preemption it goes over to Bill's claim, an' so on to preempt fur a dozen more if we like. We have promised this cabin to a feller that's jest come out from among hills along the Juniata in Pennsylvania, when we git threw with it, an' he pays two and a half for the use on it, for five days, to preempt his quarter with that jines ourn, an' then, ef we can't hire it out to somebody else we'll take it to town an' sell it for stove wood. You see?"

"Truly," said we, "you have really placed a generous construction upon the pre-emption law; but do others get off as easy in securing their claims by pre-emption as you do?"

"As easy?" he replied earnestly, "I guess they do. There's Jack Pratt that owns the quarter down by the big slough; he only bent over some willers an' tied the tops together for his cabin, leaving a hole for the winder, inter which he stuck a piece of broken glass, an' left a place open for a door; made his fence outer willers, an' dug a hole with his fryin pan for a well, an' then grewed up all right. An' then there's old Minidab Smith down near the creek, made his preemption house and fence outer snow, an' dug a well in a snow bank. He preuved up, and his witness made it all right. So you see some things can be did as well as others, ef a feller only follers the letter of the lor."

Taking a sketch of the "improvements," and bidding the pre-emptors good morning, we returned to Prairie Cottage, delighted with our ride, and especially with the new ideas we had gathered in regard to pre-empting lands in the West, and assured that "some things could be did as well as others."

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### The News from Europe.

ALL doubt is at an end. The war in Europe has commenced. Two millions of armed men bent on slaughter and trained to that abhorrent trade—led by men whose glory is founded on deeds which, when committed in a small degree, make criminals—these two millions of men are now engaged in a mur-

derous war, w. . . will probably leave one-half dead on the field of battle, or else result in their dragging out the rest of their lives, wretched beggars and mutilated cripples. If we turn with a sickening horror from the perusal in our daily papers of one violated woman, and one homicide, and loathe the wretched perpetrator of the enormity, what amount of opprobrium, then, is due to those whose depraved and merciless hearts, or whose selfish necessities, have doomed the fairest countries of the Old World to be one scene of gigantic suffering, more appalling than Dante's Inferno, or Milton's Pandemonium. Among these Louis Napoleon stands as the chief criminal, the Satan of this terrible epic of blood, horror and desolation; the great reveller in saturnalia whose music is the groans of the dying, the shrieks of women, and the weeping of orphans. In the words of the poet, every American and Christian heart naturally exclaims,

Oh! for a tongue to curse the knave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
First made a trusting race his slave,  
Then slaughtered them in senseless fight!

In distinctly denouncing the perjured despot of France as the infamous hero of this drama, we have no wish to screen his brother tyrant of Austria; but it is evident from the first that Louis Napoleon cared nothing for the liberties of Italy. How could the soulless wretch who doomed the best and noblest of his own countrymen to die in the pestilential plains of Cayenne, feel for those who groaned in the dungeons of Austria? Had he really cared for suffering humanity he might easily have ameliorated the condition of Italy, by inviting England to join him in coercing Austria into improving her government of Lombardy, and dissolving her treaties with the Italian Duchies. Such an offer no English Ministry would have dared to reject—public opinion would have forced it to acquiesce; but that plan, of course, would have been fatal to Louis Napoleon, it would have naturally led his own oppressed subjects to compare their own condition with the condition of those for whom their Emperor expressed so much tender interest. They could think that such charity ought to have begun at home, and discontent would have engendered either a revolution or a similar loosening of the iron grip in France.

But while blaming Louis Napoleon for his part in the unhappy drama just commenced, we must not forget to give to the French nation itself a due share of censure. It is that fatal propensity to disturb the world, called in grim derision, glory, that has induced their unprincipled ruler to make tools of them for what he considers the consolidation of his dynasty, but which will inevitably end in his downfall. It is significant that although since 1815 France has been a monarchy and a republic, yet there was no serious disturbal of European peace, while ever since Louis Napoleon has been at the head of French affairs war [in Europe] has been his trump card. First in the Crimea, then in China, now in Italy. The conclusion is, that the reign of a Bonaparte is a time-trouble for the civilized world, and the result will be another coalition as irresistible as that which drove his uncle from the throne. He will fall, with the additional obloquy that the same fatal necessities did not exist, since the present Emperor had the friendship of England and Russia, of themselves sufficient to ward off all peril from continental jealousy. He may perhaps shelter himself under the plea that the exigencies of a usurping position forced him to it, in which case it would seem as though the safety of Europe demanded some heavy bond to bind France to keep the peace of the world.

### Delavan House, Albany.

By an inadvertence on our part, or a typographical error of our distinguished devils in our printing lofts, our paper was made to say that the Delavan House had three rooms. Of course our readers will perceive that there is a slight mistake, when we inform them it should have been three hundred. Our friend Roussel will accept our apologies, knowing, as he does, that "he can keep a Hotel!"

### More Army Nonsense.

On the tenth day of February last a call was issued from the War Department for a Board of Officers to meet at Washington, to consider various questions bearing on the well-being of the army, and its economical action. This Board has just made its report, and like all reports of that kind, issuing from Beards of the Army or Navy, it is simply twaddle. We say this, because the very men making the report know it to be so. A series of questions are proposed by the Department, which that Department knows cannot be honestly answered, or we will say dare not be honestly answered, and the Board that is convened for the purpose, after apparently deliberating over the matter nearly one month, puts in a series of Bunbyisms, which we are convinced each and all of those officers would disown, were they addressed singly upon the subject, in the confidence of social meeting.

We shall say nothing regarding the manufacture of these Boards, but take as a supposition, though a very unlikely one, that this Board has been honestly chosen, without political bias. This being supposed, a series of questions are offered these gentlemen, entirely bearing upon the financial management of their different departments. When men have the handling of money, and its disbursement, and can succeed in making that duty pay them by perquisites, or extra salary, it is perfectly natural they should keep silent upon any defect in the system. But this is not the case with the disbursing officers of our army, they do not succeed in making the money stick to their fingers, they do not get rich, with all the handling of gold and the large amounts of public property entrusted to their hands. We are sure, on the contrary, that no body of men exists upon the face of the earth with higher principles of honor, or stricter integrity than the officers of the army.

If this is so, and the public knows it for a fact and admits it, where, then, is the leak? For a leak there is most decidedly in the bill for army expenses. Most patient, political-ridden public, there is a leak, and each of that Board convened at Washington, and each officer of our Army will tell you the same. Is it for a moment supposed that the immense sum annually applied to the Army estimate could be expended without being surrounded by political shysters, and their contract-seek-

ing backers? Will not every one remember the struggles of the politicians to get the different armories through the country in their hands, and the results, which were simply a doubling of the expenses, and a general failure to execute their labor properly, or promptly? In the same way every point of access, every outlet for a dollar, in the Army Departments, is filled with a hungry politician. We would not complain if this large amount of money went into the pockets of army men, they certainly deserve it, their pay is small enough for all the sacrifices they have to endure; but when we know that it is pocketed by the drones instead of the workers in the hive, we cannot help standing amazed that there should not be some speaking out in church. As good an opportunity as has been afforded by this Board will not soon occur again—why did they not make it a medium for telling the country the real trouble, and the real way for correction? Simply because they stand in awe of this same political thralldom, that permeates every vein of our Government, and we may almost say, our people.

In this, the Army is doing itself great injustice. They know it is part of the education of a democracy to clamor against a standing Army. Knowing this, it certainly is their duty, regardless of circumstances, to avoid all things that will render them more unpopular. Our people can only regard the Army favorably when they look upon it as a school for future heroes, men who will come from the different corps to form a nucleus, around which can gather our citizens to repel foreign arrogance or invasion. No one is so weak as to believe that the few men comprising our standing army, eighteen thousand, all told, would be of much use in case of real difficulty; they only look upon them as a rallying point, and in this view, it would be a cruel thing to find them nothing but a political machine, a stalking horse for a body of conscienceless contractors. Cannot the Army speak for itself? must it stand tamely still, and admit that it is so subject to these political influences, that it is powerless? Must it not only see its power passing away piecemeal, but must it also bear the odium of this mismanagement, without daring to say its soul is its own, that every portion of its machinery, in time of peace is dependent, not on merit, but on political favors. If this is to be so, we cannot blame the people, when they call for the disbanding of our standing force; but we hope for better things, for independent and plain speaking, from its intelligence, and from its own knowledge of its integrity.

### Coffin Shops.

EVERY dweller in large cities has to undergo sights, smells and auricular nuisances innumerable, but we can see no reason he should undergo any of these things unless it be utterly unpreventable, or for the greatest good to the greatest number.

An offence to the eye should be punished with quite as much severity as an offence to the person, and the man who insists upon thrusting before us, hourly, something that offends every mental refinement, through that organ, is as much to be regarded a public nuisance as he who creates an unpleasant odor from bone boiling, swill milk stables, or any other abomination.

If it offends our sense of the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath to see the drinking shops open, and the majority of the people so declare, then they should be closed. If a beggar upon the street corner insists upon making an exhibition of his loathsomeness, we have no more necessity for enduring the sight than we should have to gaze upon the indecent antics of a drunken man; our taxes provide a refuge, and we are only exercising our sovereignty in forcing it from the path. The same rule holds good in all other annoyances, though we have not entirely legislated to cover them.

All this reasoning comes to us when surveying that more than disgusting evil—the coffin shops. We turn up our noses in horror of the Egyptians, who offered at their feasts the semblance of the dead in their ceremonies, and bade the guests look upon it, eat, drink and be happy, for to that must they come. We hold that the Egyptians were vastly superior to us in the treatment of the matter; we do not offer this sight before the feast alone, the sight is with us everywhere, night and day alike. We are regaled by these shops in our great thoroughfares, they display their gloomy wares through plate glass windows, and inform us, by gilded signs, that they embalm the dead, preserve corpses, and furnish funeral mockery *low, for cash*. They expose shrouds, caps and the wear of death as the dry goods dealers show their gaudiest colors; they set up the rosewood and mahogany in tempting array, and appeal to the public through the medium of the press, and circulars thrust into your hand or under your street door; in fact, they have gone through every phase of the flash trader but having a band of music in the balcony, a poetical advertisement in the daily papers, and a touter on the sidewalk; and these things they will undoubtedly do if not checked in their desire for notoriety.

The simple question now to decide is whether these places as at present conducted are nuisances, or does the public taste demand them? Will all their flash efforts create a greater demand for their manufacture? We can readily understand that a certain fervor may be got up for a patent medicine or any other article, but for the one in question we doubt whether fortunes spent in advertising, gag and display, will make one more person die in the twelvemonth, unless he dies of disgust of the perpetrators. Their demand is certain, and they should be forced by legislative enactment to shady, quiet and obscure places, and wait until they are sought, and not thrust their wares before the public at every step. Whoever has lost one that was dearer to him than life can enter into and fully understand with what dread repugnance they turned, for months after, from those charnel-houses of the streets—The Coffin Shops.

### THE OBERLIN RESCUE CASE.

SINCE our last issue five of the rescuers in this case have been sentenced; a sixth, Mr. Langdon, was found guilty by the jury after only half an hour's consultation. Mr. Bushnell was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in the common jail, and a fine of six hundred dollars and costs. The four others, Messrs. Williams, Cummings, Niles and Mandeville, have been sentenced by Judge Wilson to pay a fine of twenty dollars and costs, and to twenty hours' imprisonment. None of these four last were Oberlin men. They were all residents of Wellington. It is thought that a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Bushnell will be granted by one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, and that an attempt will be made to bring him before all the members of the Court in Chambers. Marshal Johnson has received a letter from Attorney-General Black,



who states that the President has heard of the refusal of the Supreme Court to grant the habeas corpus on the late application. He directs the Marshal, in case any writ of that character is hereafter issued by the State Court, "to resist at all hazards, and by every means in his power." The Kentucky officers have been arrested on the charge of kidnapping.

### Personal.

THE Emperor Napoleon III. completed his fifty-first year on the 20th of April.

THE first three volumes of a new "Life of Peter the Great," by Ustrailor, the Russian historian, have just appeared at St. Petersburg, and have produced a greater sensation than any other historical work in Russia since the masterpiece of Karanin.

MR. HARRY is now in St. Petersburg, but his first experiment upon an indomitable horse belonging to M. Arapoff was unsuccessful.

HORACE VERNET, long a widower, is about to be married. He is now seventy years old, and was the father-in-law of Paul Delaroché.

It is affirmed by several Parisian journals that Rossini has engaged to write a grand five act opera for the Académie Impériale. It is also said that Verdi has undertaken to compose an opera for the English stage.

A FRENCH writer mentions as a proof of Shakespeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland, in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!"

THERE is very little doubt (says the *Court Journal*) but that the Emperor of Russia, and most probably the Empress also, will pay a visit to the Queen in June.

M. MICHELET, whose last work, "L'Amour," is now creating such a sensation in Europe, while crossing the Luxembourg gardens a day or two ago, was recognized by the students going to the lectures at the Collège de France. He was immediately surrounded, and, in spite of resistance, borne in triumph to the gates. Verses composed by a student in medicine, in honor of "L'Amour," were sung by the joyous crowd; and a young grisette, professing herself a passionate admirer of the work in question, drawing her scissors from her pocket, cut off a goodly lock of the author's hair, which was distributed almost by the single hair to the numerous devotees of "Love à la Michelet," there present.

MR. FRANK WOOD, of this city, has in press a translation of Michelet's celebrated work on Love ("L'Amour"), which is shortly to be published by a New York firm.

### PARISIAN PEARLS.

Dis-Oystered from the late French Journals.

PARIS THE PLACE FOR PENNY POSTMEN!—The police have recently arrested in Paris, an individual whose brain has conceived the most comprehensive swindle on modern record. With the City Directory as his guide, this man had superscribed no less than 25,000 letters, and, putting on the uniform of the government letter-carrier, started out to deliver these missives in person. For each letter he claimed 30 centimes (6 cents) on delivery, and the disposal of two-thirds of his stock in hand had already put him in funds to the amount of \$1,000, or more, when the police came in to block the game.

A CHILD'S CHARITY.—Among the pictures at the Paris Exhibition this year is one by M. Berthon, which has been the subject of much admiring remark. To the scene that he has transferred to canvas he himself was an affected eye-witness. In the street, up against the wall of a gentleman's garden, stood a flower-girl with a basket full of violets tied up in little penny bunches; near her was a young blind girl, with extended hand, mutely soliciting the charity of the passers-by. A little girl soon comes along, accompanied by her nurse; she takes a bouquet and throws down a two cent piece, saying, as she does so, "Give me a penny change."

"The bouquet is two cents, miss," replies the grasping flower merchant.

The child inhales once more the perfume of the violets, then puts them back into the basket and gives her two cents to the blind girl, as she says with a sigh:

"I cannot afford to pay so much for a bouquet."

THE PAMPHLET POLKA.—The impending European wars and the flood of pamphlets to which it has given rise, have put Paris society up to a "wrinkle" which may amuse, even if it is not followed by Terpsichorean votaries on this side of the water.

Any one who has followed the movements of the Paris dancing world of last winter through the medium of "gossip letters," must have heard of the famous Champagne Waltz, in which the gentleman, with one arm around his partner, holds in his other hand a glass of champagne full to the brim, the feat consisting in reaching the end of the waltz without having spilled a drop of the precious liquid. But the sale of war pamphlets came to seriously interfere with even this novelty, so much so, that conversations like the following might often be heard between the sets of a quadrille. "Have you read The Policies and Treaties of 1815?" "No." "Austria and England?" "Nor that either." "You must have heard of the New Europe?" "I had a chapter read to me." Read the whole of it, it's capital." "I shall certainly do so—it's your turn; gentleman forward."

This grotesque mingling of the political and the salutory threatened grave results, when, unfortunately a professor of the dance, a rival of Cellarius, "turned up," who had found the secret of fusing these two incompatible elements into a new *pas*, to which he gave the name of the Pamphlet Polka.

This Pamphlet Polka resembles the Champagne Waltz, except in this particular, that instead of a glass of wine, the dancer holds a pamphlet which he makes believe read, and as the waltzer must keep from spilling a single drop of the liquid, so the polker must not turn his eyes from the pamphlet a single moment; the feat consists in not making a false step. This polka *de circonstance*, which reconciles the two great public occupations of the day—dancing and politics—has been inaugurated with great success by a party of young bachelors attached to the foreign embassies at Paris.

A SKELETON IN THE DEAD HOUSE.—A silk merchant in Lyons, a well-off old bachelor, died not long since, leaving his fortune to his nearest of kin under a most singular condition.

By a codicil to his will, the deceased stipulated that his body, twenty-four hours after death, should be delivered up to an anatomist, who should be instructed to remove the flesh therefrom, and prepare of it a first-class jointed skeleton, to be hung up in his funeral vault.

As might have been expected at the reading of this unexpected stipulation, the heirs unanimously agreed to pay no attention to this posthumous eccentricity of the testator.

FRENCH GLORIFICATION OF ILLEGITIMACY.—A book has lately appeared in Paris with the title of Les Bâtards Célèbres (Celebrated Bastards), dedicated to the famous Emile de Girardin, with whose biography the book commences. Now, Madame de Girardin No. 2 considers it perfectly shocking in her husband to allow such a dedication to be made to him, but monsieur being one of those men who carry even to temerity the boldness of their opinions, takes quite a different view of the matter. He is a bastard and he glories in it. His son is a bastard as well, and whether it be by chance or in consequence of a system that he has adopted, his second wife is also of illegitimate birth. Her mother was the daughter of a post-house keeper in a German village; the Duke of Nassau happening to pass through there when all her father's postillions were absent, the young girl offered to drive the duke herself. The latter was so delighted with the courage and grace of his driver that—the present Madame de Girardin owes her birth to the circumstance. Her mother was afterwards made Countess of Dieffenback. But if Madame de Girardin is proud of having dual blood in her veins, she does not care, like her husband, to have it proclaimed from the housetops that it comes to her in such a left-handed way. This is because the chief quality of woman is self-love, while that of man is the pride of being self-made.

THE DOWNFALL OF CRINOLINE.—GENTLEMEN'S VEILS.—For the fiftieth time from Paris comes the news of the final downfall of crinoline, an announcement we are disposed to take *cum grano*, since revolutions of such dire import are not apt to be made in a hurry. It seems now, however, that short waists are decidedly to be reinstated in their grandmotherly glory, and the skirts are to be covered with flounces from top to bottom, overlapping each other like the tiles on a roof. It requires extraordinary discrimination in the mind masculine to see what will be gained by this change, either in the amount of periphery or in the pull upon purse. The ladies say that crinoline is inconvenient and expensive. The new fashion is certainly not a whit more economical. But then—a charming

reflection for pater-familias who foots the bills—no fashion is favored by the ladies unless it is more or less ruinous, dress being for most women a speaking advertisement, a means of saying silently, "See how rich I am!"

The changes in masculine costume of late deserves passing mention. The ladies having adopted the mousquetaire style of hat, the gentlemen, in self-defence, have pruned the brims of theirs down to a ludicrous degree of imperceptibility. The dandies now wear perfect stove pipes, which they only succeed in keeping on their heads by a marvel of equilibrium; for however small their heads may be, their hats must be smaller still, so that the parting line of their hair may be seen from the forehead to the back of the head.

The only innovation introduced lately in the gentlemen's costume is a green veil to the hat. Several sporting characters have adopted this costume of the lady-riders of twenty years ago. These veils are by no means an elegant addition to a gentleman's "make up," but he has an excuse at least to give for the foppishness of wearing them, viz., that they keep the dust out of his eyes.

### LITERATURE, NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &C.

Lena Rivers, by Mary J. Holmes, author of *Tempest and Sunshine*, the *English Orphans*, &c., &c., C. M. SAXTON, New York. Mrs. Holmes has had so large an experience in authorship, and has written so many charming novels, that it is always a pleasure to open a new volume from her pen. The present story is one of pure American interest, alternating between disquiet and comfort. In one respect she is unrivalled, namely, the felicity with which she depicts Yankee and Southern manners. For this her New England birth and education, coupled with her Southern residence, gives her unusual facilities, and whatever may be said of intuition, there is no truth more reliable than the absolute necessity of personal experience to depict persons and peculiarities. In *Lena Rivers* the reader will find a pleasant and wholesome work of fiction.

Studies, Stories and Memoirs, by Mrs. Jamieson, TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston. Of a writer so well known, and a work so much read, as this, all criticism would be superfluous. Her sweet style and quiet thought are admirably adapted to the cultivated mind. Few ladies have so completely blended sound learning with an easy composition. This is a charming series, appropriately cased in a dainty frame of blue and gold.

The Political Works of James Gales Percival, with a Memoir. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston, two volumes. In many respects Percival may be considered as an inferior Wordsworth. He had the same love of nature, but it was more superficially expressed. He took the obvious tenderness and beauty of her face, and did not care to penetrate behind that composed mask which she wears to the common observer. Wordsworth dived below the face, he went to the heart. To him the meanest flower that bloomed had a meaning beyond the reach of tears and words. The result is that it takes a philosopher to thoroughly understand the deep orotic intent of his breathings. Percival writes so that all who run may read. He has no hidden thoughts like his great master, for the influence of the Bard of Rydal is found in every page of Percival's poems. We now and then see in other of his productions the influence of Gray and Collins; as in his Ode to Music, which seems in some parts to be an amplification of Gray's Progress of Poesy. This edition is grand, with an excellent portrait of the poet.

A Critical Guide to the Exhibition at the National Academy of Design. By an Amateur. DEWITT, New York. It is not very difficult in this clear and most *à propos* pamphlet, to trace the fine Roman hand of the experienced and able critics of the *Home Journal* and *Herald*—there are the same peculiar expression of opinion, and the same free rough style, which gives criticism an impartial and honest taste. Mr. Whitley, himself, a clever landscape painter, has herein dissected the pretensions of those who have hung their banners on the outer wall, and done a service to the art. We cordially re-echo his dictum on Elliott's Don Quixote:

"Don Quixote, Elliott. Whenever it pleases this greatest of living portrait painters to favor the art world with a picture out of his regular line, it is sure to have something beautiful and painfully suggestive of what he might do in *genre* art, but for the incessant demand on his pencil in portraiture. This little picture, for its color and humor, would excite the envy of Hogarth."

Comic Lectures on Everything in General and Nothing in Particular. By Deacon Snowball and Diederich Lager-blatter. FREDERICK A. BRADY, 126 Nassau street. We have received this little volume, which is got up in very good style. Deacon Snowball's sermons surpass anything that has been hitherto written in this line, and the Yankee Letters, although they are not alluded to in the title, are by no means uninteresting. On the whole, we think that the lectures have a very good right to assume the prefix of "comic."

### MUSICAL.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—Piccolomini is giving the New York public a touch of her quality. It was brought against her that she could only delineate two or three characters, and these only of a peculiar nature. It was said, how unjustly those who have seen her know, that unless she could use her beautiful eyes to coquette with her audience, and her little rosebud mouth to dimple smiles at them, she would lose all that charm which won the love and the favor of the public, like some potent spell—in short, that if she was not a saucy, fascinating little droling, she could claim no other place upon the Italian stage. All this is critical twaddle, and its absurd fallacy has been proved in each new character in which Piccolomini has recently appeared.

Piccolomini has genius, heaven has not gifted her with an enlarged physique, but her brain, her genius, her strong, natural impulse, and her artistic instincts combined, compensate for that lack of physical force which, to the ignorant, is too often the test of greatness, and teach her to simulate nature so truthfully, as to rival from the most *blase* of opera goers involuntary admiration, and from the sympathetic the genuine tribute of absorbing interest and tears.

So by the force of her genius Piccolomini wins all hearts, and continues the supreme popular favorite. We look upon her union with Maurice Strakosch (managerially, of course, we mean, dear Madame Strakosch) as a very happy event for the parties concerned, and the public—she the pet of the public, the most honest, gentlemanly and enterprising of operatic managers—and all the lovers of music content with the artistic union. Maurice Strakosch ought to be permanently located in New York; his position and his character would give confidence to the public, and would secure the support of the influential and wealthy of the fashionable classes. We shall revert to this subject again.

Our native prima donna, Cora de Wilhori, plays a farewell engagement at the Academy of Music this week. We trust that she will be liberally supported, for she merits such a compliment most richly. She is a charming artist, and stands high in the estimation of all who can distinguish merit, even if it should have the misfortune to be the production of our own soil. She will be supported by Brignoli, Amodio, Juca, &c. We again bespeak for her a liberal and cordial support.

The Great Pianist, Sebastian Bach Mills.—This remarkable pianist, who came among us quite unknown, and on the first hearing stamped himself as among the foremost of the great exponents of the world, will give his first concert in America at Niblo's saloon, on Thursday evening, May 19th. He will be assisted by many of our best resident artists, and will present a most attractive programme. Mills himself, however, is the great feature of attraction, and those who have heard him before will be glad to hear him again, and to those who have not heard him we say, go on Thursday evening next to Niblo's Saloon and listen to the most remarkable pianist of the age.

### DRAMA.

Metropolitan Theatre.—On Saturday last the classic tragedy of "Medea" was brought forward at this house. It is a translation from the French, and a slightly different version was produced by Miss Heron during her triumphant career at Wallack's Theatre some two winters since. The play is dreary in the extreme, the incidents disagreeable, the characters uninteresting. We should gladly see it banished from the stage, unless, as in the case of Miss Heron, used as the vehicle for illustrating a peculiar phase of acting. Miss Heron, inimitable in a limited number of rôles, but by the very idiosyncrasies of her style shut out from a wide range of characters, was not only justifiable but right in bringing forward any play in which she could to advantage make use of her startling and impressive effects. But Miss Davenport has no need of resorting to such experiments; her repertoire is full to overflowing of charming, captivating rôles. In comedy, drama, and the more delicate and womanly characters of tragedy, she stands deservedly at the head of the profession; but, as we have before intimated, the heroic or terrible is entirely unsuited to her, and she certainly suffers with a well-earned reputation by persisting in representing such parts.

Of course a lady of Miss Davenport's attainments could not act any rôle badly; for, an artist in the strictest sense of the word, she is so thoroughly acquainted with all the requirements of the stage, so confident and self-reliant in manner, that one only wonders that she should ever attempt those delineations which she must be aware are not altogether up to what the public expect from her.

In those portions of this gloomy tragedy where the feelings of the mother overcome the unhappy and ill-fated Princess, where it became evident that, despite her blood-stained hands, something of the woman still holds a place in her dark heart, Miss Davenport was most touching and effective; but the fearful transports of jealous rage, the grim and terrible denunciations of hatred and despair, lacked that ideal majesty, that intense loss of self in passion, that can alone raise such scenes above the level of ordinary performances. An artist should never present a revolting picture; murder, even when it be parricide and infanticide, should not, perhaps, be excluded from the acted drama; but it should certainly be so far clothed in a poetic garb, both in text and in rendition, as to awe but not horrify the auditor. This is a doctrine, we are aware, utterly at variance with the present popular demand for the realistic drama; but while a minute photographing of men and women as they are may do for plays of the modern French school, we maintain that in tragedy—especially that pretentious class denominated classic tragedy—the ideal and poetic must largely predominate, or all efforts, both of author or actor, are futile. As on canvas the great painter throws an atmosphere of sublimity about the devastation and carnage of a battle scene, whereby the gazer is struck with awe and admiration at the perfected work, losing, in the contemplation of its general completeness and majesty, the grosser details of gaping wounds and flowing blood, so on the stage must the filling up perfect itself, become yet so much a part and parcel of the whole as to aid, not detract, from the central idea.

But enough, for the present, of the classic tragedy; we turn from it, and we confess, with some pleasure, to the modern drama of "Adrienne, the Actress," which, utterly dissimilar to "Medea" in most respects, yet resembles it in one—both are translated from the French. Written for Rachel, it is not to be wondered at that Adrienne is a character requiring the most shading, the closest discrimination, the deepest insight into human nature; and in stating that Miss Davenport is fully equal to the exigencies of the part we do her justice, but not full justice. She deserves for this portraiture a still higher praise, and it fully verifies all that we have written of her. Here is a part all womanly, and Miss Davenport seems to give herself heart and soul to its portrayal. Who can forget the joyousness of her pure and perfect love; the dawning of love's inevitable companion, jealousy; which, like a small black speck on the horizon of a summer sky, almost before one notes it, covers the heavens with a great black cloud, surcharged with thunder, and the transition once more to a perfect confidence and devoted love, the fulfillment of which comes only when death has set its seal upon her brow? Then follows the death scene, vivid yet poetic, touching but not over colored. The true artist never descends to charlatanism; and Miss Davenport, scoring all trickery, produces her effects by a strict adherence to the true principles of art, and has earned her reputation by careful and elaborate study. Before this article is printed she will have brought her engagement to a close, and we most earnestly hope that hereafter we shall see much more of this gifted lady. She deserves high consideration at the hands of the public, whom she so conscientiously serves, and no less respect from the profession she adorns.

Wallack's Theatre.—Mr. Wallack, with unabated energy, still continues to delight the habitués of this house. Since last week he has added Adam Brock, in Planché's charming comedy of "Charles XII.," to the list of his rôles, and, as a matter of course, with most complete success. In our next issue we hope to be able to write of the new comedy of "Extremes."

Laura Keene's Theatre.—Nothing to say of this house, but to chronicle the still increasing attraction of the "Dream." We presume that it will keep possession of the stage until the close of the season.

Barnum's American Museum.—That Hibernian relative, of which mention, we think, has previously been made in this place, continues to flourish his shilleagh, sing songs, dance jigs and conduct himself in an eminently Celtic manner at this place of entertainment.

Theatre Francaise.—"Les Folies Dramatiques," an *bourgeois* burlesque, has sent every one laughing away from the house on every night of its performance. The acting of Edgard and Mdlle. Sen, in the various characters that they assume, to use a Yankeeism, "can't be beat." The artists go over to Philadelphia this week, to play on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, returning on Thursday to resume their way over the theatre-going public of Gotham.

A New Theatre.—We understand that arrangements have been completed for building a new theatre on Union square, between the Union square Hotel and the Fourth avenue. Miss Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Bourcicault) is to be the proprietor of the establishment, whose construction and furnishing will be immediately commenced, under the experienced and skilful oversight of Mr. Bourcicault. The house will be finished and ready for opening on the 1st of September next. The lessee and manager will be Mr. W. Stuart, who won such popularity in conducting Wallack's Theatre in 1857 and 1858. The edifice is to be of iron throughout, and will be entirely fireproof. It will possess many improvements in its structure and arrangements, and afford comfortable places for about two thousand people. Mr. Bourcicault will, as we believe, fill in it the position of dramatic director and stage manager.

### FATHER SCHOVALOFF,

Or the Barnabite Penitent—A Romance of Real Life.

THE death of Father Schouvaloff, of the Barnabites, has given an immense shock to the fashionable world of Paris, of which Father Schouvaloff was but lately one of the gayest members. A Russian nobleman of the highest character and distinction, Count Schouvaloff arrived amongst us, a few short years ago, with the determination which all rich men bring with them from St. Petersburg, to enjoy as much and as freely as possible the delights and follies of Paris. For some time this life of dissipation seemed to satisfy every aspiration of his soul; but the moment of deception came as usual, and then the Count turned with bitterness to other aims, which had been neglected too long. At this crisis, a preacher of great fame attracted his notice, the Abbé Petitot, who had just formed the Order of the Barnabites. To him, in his weariness, did Count Schouvaloff repair for aid and counsel, and before the first interview was terminated he was converted from the errors of the Greek Church to the tenets of Rome, and, in less than a month from the first conversation held with the Abbé Petitot, had Count Schouvaloff not only become a most zealous Roman Catholic himself, but had converted his only daughter to the same faith. In a little while more, the world was astonished to learn that the gay and elegant Count Schouvaloff had retired wholly from the world, and sought the solitude of the Barnabite's cell in the monastery founded by Petitot in the Rue de Regard. But he had urged upon his daughter the same step in vain.

The young lady, although willing to embrace the doctrine pursued by her father, did not feel the same vocation for a convent life, and refused to take the veil as he implored, but went to reside with an aunt at Nice. There she was much admired and courted by her own countrymen, and, being possessed of great beauty as well as a princely fortune, her hand was much sought after by the highest nobility of Russia. The young Prince G— was destined to be the chosen one, and no obstacle was presented to the marriage but that arising from the difference of religion, to which the Prince's mother objected entirely; the young lady made no scruple in returning to the Greek Church, and readopting the religion of her fathers. The clause in the contract was carefully concealed from the father, who cheerfully gave his consent to a union which was to form the basis of his daughter's happiness; and Vassilief, the Greek Prelate of the Russian chapel in Paris, was sent for to consecrate the marriage. He was commissioned, likewise, to bear the news to Father Schouvaloff, as, being an old friend, he would be able to break it with more tenderness than another.

The Greek Prelate accordingly went to seek the Barnabite Father at the convent in the Rue du Regard. He found the once gay and luxurious Count Schouvaloff attired in the coarse serge gabardine of the Barnabite friar, bare-headed and barefooted, with whitewashed walls and tiled floor. He was justified in thinking that the world had no further claim on one who had renounced all, and he, therefore, hurried over the history of the bridal splendor of the ceremony, the happiness of the young couple, and the high and mighty names which had graced the marriage by their presence. The trial came at length—the avowal had to be made—that the daughter, through whose love alone he still clung to earth, had returned to those errors from which he had rescued her. Vassilief declares that he scarcely seemed, at first, to understand the misfortune which thus had burst upon him, and, as, by degrees, he seemed fully to comprehend the misery, he slowly arose from his seat, and, extending his arm towards the priest, he essayed to speak; but his lips refused to utter any sound, and he fell senseless on the floor! A doctor was summoned, who declared the holy father to be seized with a fit of apoplexy. From this he never recovered, but merely breathing for a few days longer, died without speaking a single word. The shock was too great for his highly-wrought, enthusiastic nature to bear. An immense crowd followed him to the grave, and the story of his death was told in every possible manner amongst the people; but the above are the facts, and may be believed.



# ACTING GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT CARPENTER.

We present our readers with a portrait of Mr. Carpenter, the lately appointed General Superintendent of Police, and append a short sketch of his life.

Daniel Carpenter is of Knickerbocker descent, and was born at Albany, in 1816.

He came to New York in 1829, and was apprenticed to the well-known firm of Wilmarth, Moffat and Curtis, manufacturers of jewellery.

He continued to work at the jewellery business until 1842, when he was appointed a day officer in the Fifth Ward.

In 1848 he was appointed to be Captain in the same Ward, and being universally esteemed he was twice re-appointed to the same office.

In 1857, when the Metropolitan Police district was established, he was appointed by the Board of Commissioners to the office of Deputy Superintendent, which he held until the resignation of General Talmadge, being then promoted to the post of General Superintendent, *pro tem.*

## RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

FAUSTIN I., the black Napoleon of Hayti, has experienced the same fate as his illustrious prototype, and has doffed the imperial robes for a garment which will harmonize better with his dusky countenance, and General Geffrard, his rebellious servant, has assumed the reins of power in his stead.

At this distance of time it would be useless to give any account of the outbreak, which ended in the abdication of Faustin and the accession to power of Geffrard, as all our readers will be well acquainted with the circumstances.

We hear, by the last advices, that the inhabitants of Port-au-Prince are dissatisfied with Geffrard, who has become unpopular, in consequence of the power which he is commencing to exercise, and which, it is suspected, may soon expand into tyranny.

However, as he has, by his acts, placed himself at the tail of the Pantheon of human celebrities, he and his affairs have some claim on the attention of our readers.

We therefore engrave a view of the republican hero's residence at Auxlarges, a commercial town in the island of Hayti, pleasantly situated on the sea coast, with a good sheltered harbor. The space in front of the building is the *Place d'Armes*, covered with a beautiful green sward, on which the General delights to exercise the half a score of troops forming the presidential guard of honor. In the centre of the square there is a kind of amphitheatre, used for the purpose of addressing the soldiers in the time of war; and it was from this tribune that Geffrard urged the army to trample in the dust the imperial purple of his negro majesty Soulouque.

The Haytian correspondent of a morning paper writes in a late issue, that Soulouque or Faustin is still leading a life of retirement, and as the feelings of the higher classes are not of the best towards him, it will be prudent for him to continue in his seclusion. He rented a very large mansion from a Mr Ramos, a merchant of the city, from which he has lately been expelled. The owner of the premises, or some friends of his, visited Soulouque and found the royal princesses engaged washing clothes in a tub elevated on a barrel, placed in the drawing-room. The suds were flying in all directions, as the young ladies were very expert in their laundry business, and not only the magnificent carpet was being destroyed, but the chaste papering of the walls. This astounded the visitor, but he was yet to know more of the in-door life of the ex-Emperor of Hayti. On walking through the garden, he found that the ornamental trees that had been planted and reared at much trouble and expense by Mr. Ramos had been cut down. He inquired the cause of this, when he was coolly informed that the trees had been turned into firewood to cook the dinner of his Imperial Majesty.

The owner of the house, Mr. Ramos, on hearing of this gave him notice to quit, and also served on him a notice of action for damages, but it was compromised by Soulouque paying a good round sum.



DANIEL CARPENTER, ACTING GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

Soulouque passes his days in playing cards, in which pastime he is joined by Vil Luben, "The Bloodthirsty," as he is here called. This man never goes out. It is said that he is afraid that the people will express their disgust for him in a tangible form. But he is mistaken; this is a British colony, and he will receive the same protection as the best of men who have ever lived.

It is said that Soulouque has, since his arrival here, discovered that he is possessed of little of the fortune which he calculated upon when he was in Hayti, as Salomon divided everything with him, and placed as much, if not more, money in the funds of England and France to his own credit than to that of his Imperial Majesty.

## CARLO POERIO, THE NEAPOLITAN PATRIOT.

In our 174th number we gave some illustrations of the enthusiastic manner in which Poerio and his fellow exiles had been received by the British people. As there appears to be considerable uncertainty as to what party these noble men belong, we make room for a short biographical account of the most illustrious of the number. Some of our journals have confounded them with those discontented and impracticable theorists who occupy the same position in politics that transcendentalists do in philosophy. A perusal of our memoir will show that they belong to the party of law, order and national liberty.

Carlo Poerio was born at Naples, in 1803. He is the second son of

the celebrated lawyer, Joseph Poerio, Baron of Balastro, whose brilliant life is to be found in every biography of eminent men. At twelve years of age, Carlo followed his father into exile. He had been Councillor of State and Attorney-General in the High Court of Justice at Naples. Carlo was educated at Florence with his only brother, Alexander, and his cousin the Duke of Diano, by some of the most distinguished professors in Tuscany. In 1812, he returned to Naples with his father, when he followed him again into exile in 1821, when the constitution fell, and with it the chamber of which he had been a member. On this occasion, for state reasons, his father was banished to Austria, together with Generals Colletta (the historian), Arcovito, and Padrinelli and the deputies, Borrelli (the philosopher) and Pepe.

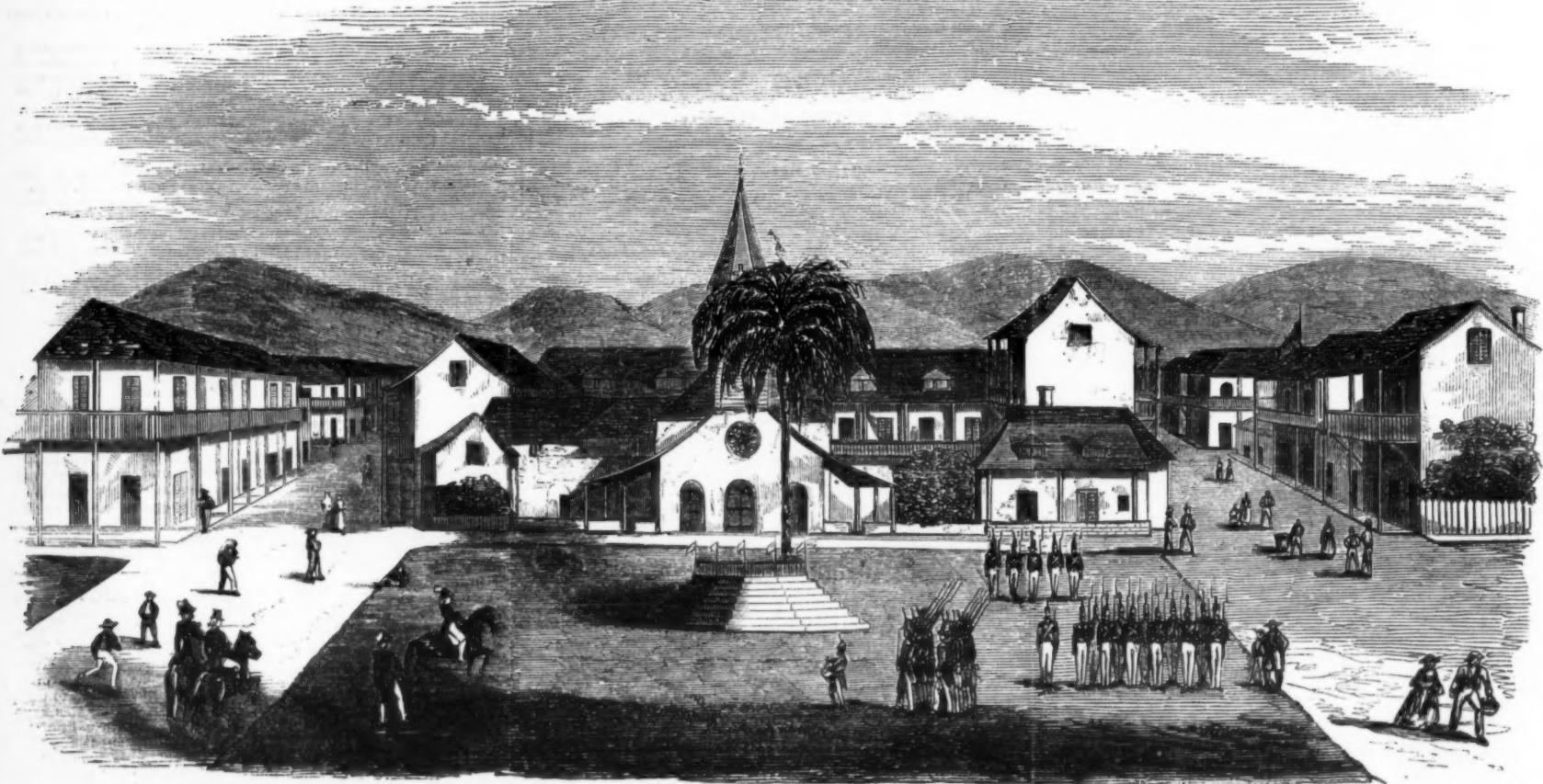
These state reasons were, of course, that they regarded with suspicion and dread a man who would not betray all who held liberal opinions.

In 1824 the Poerio family went to Tuscany, and Carlo remained in Florence with them until 1828, when he accompanied his mother to Naples, where he applied himself to his studies and to the profession of an advocate, and he became distinguished as the leading gratuitous defender of prisoners at the High Court of Justice. Living in the closest intimacy with the leading men of the country, and professing openly the principles of representative government, his politics were distasteful to the ruling powers, and he was three times subjected to prosecution for political offences. In 1848, when a free and representative government was introduced into Naples, Carlo Poerio was chosen by the King as director, and under secretary for home affairs, and as such he had charge of the general police regulations of the kingdom; and after filling these posts for a month he was advanced to a seat in the cabinet as a minister of public instruction. The Duke of Sorracapriola, the Chevalier Bozzali, Prince Cariata, Baron Savarese, Prince Torella, General Digli Unerti, Counsellor Saliceti, Baron Bonanni, and Prince Dentice were his colleagues.

It was at this time that the ill-starred mission of Lord Minto took place, and Poerio was one of those who placed faith in the British Ministry's sincerity. In his capacity of Minister he assisted in the councils that were held for the settlement of the Sicilian question, but the deadly influence of Austria prevailed, and the English Government, not wishing to wage war for a people too cowardly to fight for themselves, succumbed before the power of the most villainous despotism in the world. Let every true man hope that in the approaching conflict, whether maintained on the field of battle or in the diplomatic plain of Congress, that Austria may be effectually crippled.

Carlo resigned office on the 3d of April, 1848, and he was returned to Parliament at the general election as deputy for the city of Naples and province of Terra-di-Lavoro. On the sad 15th of May, when the lazzaroni were set on by the King's myrmidons to pillage the city of Naples, he sent on a deputation to the ministry, with his colleagues Capitelli, Pica and Imbriati, and he struggled hard to avert that fratricidal conflict. Having been re-elected to the Chamber after the *coup d'etat*, for Naples and Gaeta, he sat on the Opposition, and he strenuously defended the constitution, to which the King had sworn, against the inroads of a reactionary policy. When the Chamber was dissolved, and the dreadful system of persecution which has continued for the last ten years commenced to weigh down the people of Naples, Poerio resorted to every lawful means to combat the deceitful spirit of reaction.

The Government then offered passports to Poerio, but he having refused to leave the country, was imprisoned, provisionally, as a matter of precaution, with some of the most distinguished men of his country, until the celebrated prosecution of the *Unita Italiana* was laboriously concerted for his destruction. After the revelations disclosed by Mr. Gladstone, to a horrified world, of that judicial assassination, and which, it should be observed, were derived honest and impartial witnesses, it would be superfluous to dwell on them particularly. Poerio bore the terrible consequences without



RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GEFFRARD, AT AUXLARGES.



finching, with a firm and serene mind, and without addressing a single remonstrance to the Government during the entire ten years of his suffering. He may be called the only survivor of his immediate family. His father, who was the first orator in Italy, died in 1843; he lost his mother when in chains; his elder and only brother, Alexander, one of the most distinguished poets of our age, and one of its first polyglots, died in combating against foreign domination, in the war of independence in Venice; his two uncles were Generals—one died in exile in Tuscany, and the other closed a brilliant career in the service of Piedmont, at Turin. Poerio's only sister lives at Turin, also sharing the exile of her husband, Paolo Imbriani, who is a person of irreproachable fame; and he has three cousins bearing his name, who are also exiles, two of whom are in the Sardinian army. He has other kinsmen equally distinguished at Naples.

## BEEF, CARDS, WINE AND WATER.

A Tale of an Irish Jury.

At the Belfast Assizes a jury, being unable to agree in their verdict, were locked up, and the following amusing scene took place in court the next morning:

The judge said, upon the evidence which had been given by Dr. McMechan as to the illness of one of the jury, he felt it to be his duty to discharge them. He had made inquiries as to the complaints which the jury had made in the morning on the subject of the accommodation with which they were provided last night, and he had found that, although they had not had every convenience which they might desire, yet he believed that the most had been made of the accommodation at the disposal of the sheriff.

The Foreman: My lord, the jury have merely felt that they had not been properly treated during the night.

The High Sheriff: I have been informed that one of the requests made by the jury was to be supplied with a pack of cards.

The Foreman: I do not believe that any such request was ever made by the jury.

His Lordship: Gentlemen, you must know that such a thing as supplying you with cards could not be consented to.

Several jurors here strongly denied that they ever applied for cards. (Laughter.)

The High Sheriff: The court-keeper, my lord, has made a statement to that effect. (Laughter.) He states that some of the jurors applied for a pack of cards.

The Foreman: It is not the case that we applied for cards, and I do hope that your lordship will send for the court-keeper.

His Lordship: I will do so. Send for the court-keeper.

After a few minutes that functionary made his appearance, amidst suppressed merriment in court.

His Lordship: What was the accommodation provided for the jury last night by order of the sheriff?

The Court-keeper: They got the best room in the court-house, my lord. I placed them in the grand jury room, where they had two fires, and they had besides a large room to sleep in.

His Lordship: What refreshment did you provide for them?

Court-keeper: They had a rum of boiled beef, my lord, and they consumed seventeen pounds of it. (Laughter.) They were supplied with wine, too, my lord, by order of the sheriff.

His Lordship: And how were they supplied with beds?

Court-keeper: I supplied them in the best way that was in my power, my lord. (Laughter.) They had four blankets, two pillows and a mattress.

His Lordship: Did they ask for cards?

The Court-keeper: They did, my lord. (Laughter.)

Mr. O'Rourke: Oh! that was in the way of a joke.

His Lordship: I would be happy to see gentlemen placed in your position last night properly attended to, but I don't see that better arrangements could have been made under the circumstances.

A juror (Mr. Ross): The court-keeper, my lord, gave us very bad attendance. We could not even obtain a proper supply of water from him.

Court-keeper: Why, my lord, I gave them a gallon of water. (Great laughter.)

His Lordship: I wish to know, gentlemen, if there is any particular piece of misconduct which you can state to me, and I shall have it attended to.

The Foreman: My lord, I wish again to state, on the part of the jury, that they did not apply for cards, and, on my own part, I have no knowledge of anything of the kind having taken place.

Court-keeper: I am ready to state on my oath that cards were asked for. (Laughter.)

A Juror (Mr. Christie): I think it is most unjust, my lord, after what we have suffered by being locked up all night, and subjected to the treatment we have described, that these statements should be made. I repel with indignation the charge that we applied for cards, and I think we should not be placed under such an accusation.

The Foreman: Cards were never asked for in my presence, my lord, and I am prepared to take my oath to the truth of that statement.

Court-keeper: The message sent down was, "Rule, will send up cards, and some more liquor." (Great laughter.)

His Lordship: I don't think, gentlemen, we need go further on this part of the matter. And with reference to the accommodation provided, I think as much was done as was possible.

## AN ILLUSTRIOUS BRITISH EXILE.

A few years ago I made the acquaintance of an elderly lady, whose husband, so far back as 1809, held an official position, both civil and military, in the colony of New South Wales. Many anecdotes she told me of celebrated characters who had, in the words of one of them, "left their country for their country's good." With most, if not with all, of these celebrities the old lady had come in contact personally.

"One morning," she began, "I was sitting in my drawing-room with my two little children, who are now middle-aged men with large families, when a gentleman was announced. I gave the order for his admission; and on his entering the door of the apartment, I rose from my chair, and greeted him with a bow, which he returned in the most graceful and courtly manner imaginable. His dress was that of a man of fashion, and his bearing that of a person who had moved in the highest circles of society. A vessel had arrived from England a few days previously with passengers, and I fancied that this gentleman was one of them. I asked him to be seated. He took a chair, opposite to me, and at once entered into conversation, making the first topic the extreme warmth of the day, and the second the beautiful appearance of my charming children—as he was pleased to speak of them. Apart from me, he liked to hear his children praised, there was such a refinement in the stranger's manner, such a seeming sincerity in all he said, added to such a marvellous neatness of expression, that I could not help thinking he would form a very valuable acquisition to our list of acquaintances, provided he intended remaining in Sydney, instead of settling in the interior of the colony."

"I expressed my regret that the major (my husband) was from home; but I mentioned that I expected him at one o'clock, at which hour we took luncheon; and I further expressed a hope that our visitor would remain and partake of the meal. With a very pretty smile (which I afterwards discovered had more meaning in it than I was at the time aware of), he bowed he could not have the pleasure of partaking of the hospitalities of my table, but, with my permission, he would wait till the appointed hour—which was then near at hand. Our conversation was resumed; and presently he asked my little ones to go to him. They obeyed at once, albeit they were rather shy children. This satisfied me that the stranger was a man of a kind and gentle disposition. He took the children, seated them on his knees, and began to tell them a fairy story (evidently of his own invention, and extemporised), to which they listened with profound attention. Indeed, I could not help being interested in the story, so fanciful were the ideas, and so poetical the language in which they were expressed."

"The story ended, the stranger replaced the children on the carpet, and approached the table on which stood, in a porcelain vase, a bouquet of flowers. These he admired, and began a discourse on floriculture. I listened with intense earnestness; so profound were all his observations. We were standing at the table for at least eight or ten minutes, my boys hanging on to the skirt of my dress, and every now and then compelling me to beg of them to be silent."



BARON POERIO, THE NEAPOLITAN EXILE.

"One o'clock came, but not the major. I received, however, a note from him, written in pencil on a slip of paper. He would be detained at Government House until half past two."

"Again I requested the fascinating stranger to partake of luncheon, which was now on the table in the next room; and again, with the same winning smile, he declined. As he was about, as I thought, to depart, I extended my hand; but, to my astonishment, he stepped back, made a low bow, and declined taking it."

"For a gentleman to have his hand refused when he extends it to another is embarrassing enough. But for a lady! Who can possibly describe what were my feelings? Had he been the heir to the British throne, visiting that penal settlement in disguise (and from the stranger's manners and conversation he might have been that illustrious personage), he could scarcely have, under the circumstances, treated me in such an extraordinary manner. I scarcely knew what to think. Observing, as the stranger must have done, the blood rush to my cheeks, and being cognisant, evidently, of what was passing through my mind, he spoke as follows:

"Madam, I am afraid you will never forgive me the liberty I have taken already. But the truth is, the passion suddenly stole over me, and I could not resist the temptation of satisfying myself that the skill which made me so conspicuous in the mother country still remained to me in this convict land."

"I stared at him, but did not speak."

"Madam," he continued, "the penalty of sitting at table with you, or taking the hand you paid me the compliment to proffer me—yourself in ignorance of the fact I am about to disclose—would have been the forfeiture of my ticket of leave, a hundred lashes, and employment on the road in irons. As it is, I dread the major's wrath; but I cherish a hope that you will endeavor to appease it, if your advocacy be only a return for the brief amusement I afforded your beautiful children."

"You are a convict?" I said indignantly, my hand on the bell-rope.

"Madam," he said, with an expression of countenance which moved me to pity, in spite of my indignation, "hear me for one moment."

"A convicted felon, how dared you enter my drawing room as a visitor?" I asked him, my anger again getting the better of all my other feelings.

"The major, madam," said the stranger, "requested me to be at his house at the hour when I presented myself; and he bade me wait if he were from home when he called. The major wishes to know, who was the person who received from me a famous necklace which belonged to the Marchioness of Dorington, and came into my possession at a state ball some four or five years ago—a state ball at which I had the honor of being present. Now, madam, when the orderly who opened the front door informed me that the major was not at home, but that you were, that indomitable impudence which so often carried me into the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy of our country, took possession of me; and, warmed as I was with generous wine—just sufficiently to give me courage—I determined to tread once more on a lady's carpet, and enter into conversation with her. That much I felt the major would forgive me; and, therefore, I requested the orderly to announce a gentleman. Indeed, madam, I shall make the forgiveness of the liberties I have taken in this room the condition of my giving that information which shall restore to the Marchioness of Dorington the gem of which I deprived her—a gem which is still unpledged, and in the possession of one who will restore it on an application, accompanied by a letter in my handwriting."

"Again I kept silence."

"Madam!" he exclaimed, somewhat impassioned, and rather proudly, "I am no other man than Barrington, the illustrious pickpocket; and this is the hand which in its day has gently picked from ladies of rank and wealth, jewels which realised, in all, upwards of thirty-five thousand pounds, irrespective of those which were in my possession, under lock and key, when fortune turned her back upon me."

"Barrington, the pickpocket!" Having heard so much of this man and of

his exploits (although, of course, I had never seen him), I could not help regarding him with curiosity; so much so, that I could scarcely be angry with him any longer.

"Madam," he continued, "I have told you that I longed to satisfy myself whether this skill which rendered me so illustrious in Europe still remained to me, in this country, after five years of desuetude? I can conscientiously say that I am just as perfect in the art, that the touch is just as soft, and the nerve as steady as when I sat in the dress circle at Drury Lane or Covent Garden."

"I do not comprehend you, Mr. Barrington," I replied. (I could not help saying Mister.)

"But you will, madam, in one moment. Where are your keys?"

"I felt my pocket, in which I fancied they were, and discovered that they were gone."

"And your fob and pencil-case, and your smelling salts? They are here!" (He drew them from his coat-pocket.)

"My anger was again aroused. It was indeed, I thought, a frightful liberty for a convict to practise his skill upon me, and put his hand into the pocket of my dress. But, before I could request him to leave the room and the house, he spoke again; and, as soon as I heard his voice and looked in his face I was mollified, and against my will, as it were, obliged to listen to him."

"Ah, madam," he sighed, "such is the change that often comes over the affairs of men! There was a time when ladies boasted of having been robbed by Barrington. Many whom I had never robbed gave it out that I had done so, simply that they might be talked about. Alas! such is the weakness of poor human nature that some people care not by what means they associate their names with the name of any celebrity. I was in power then, not in bondage. Barrington has my diamond ear ring!" once exclaimed the Countess of Ketterbank, clasping her hands. Her ladyship's statement was not true. Her diamonds were paste, and she knew it, and I caused them to be returned to her. Had you not a pair of very small pearl drops in your ears this morning, madam?"

"I placed my hands to my ears, and discovered that the drops were gone. Again my anger returned, and I said, 'How dared you, sir, place your fingers on my face?'"

"Upon my sacred word and honor, madam," he replied, placing his hand over his left breast, and bowing, "I did nothing of the kind! The ear is the most sensitive part of the human body to the touch of another person. Had I touched your ear my hope of having these drops in my waistcoat pocket would have been gone. It was the springs only that I touched, and the drops fell into the palm of my left hand." He placed the ear-rings on the table, and made me another very low bow.

"And when did you deprive me of them?" I asked him.

"When I was discoursing on floriculture, you had occasion several times to incline your head towards your charming children, and gently reprove them for interrupting me. It was on one of those occasions that the deed was quickly done. The dear children were the unconscious confederates in my crime—it crime you still consider it—since I have told you, and I spoke the truth; that it was not for the sake of gain, but simply to satisfy a passionate curiosity. It was as delicate an operation as any I ever performed in the whole course of my professional career."

"There was a peculiar quaintness of humor and of action thrown into this speech; I could not refrain from laughing. But, to my great satisfaction, the illustrious pickpocket did not join in the laugh. He regarded me with a look of extreme humility, and maintained a respectful silence, which was shortly broken by a loud knocking at the outer door. It was the major, who, suddenly remembering his appointment with Barrington, had contrived to make his escape from Government House, in order to keep it. The major seemed rather surprised to find Barrington in my drawing room; but he was in such a hurry, and so anxious, that he said nothing on the subject."

"I withdrew to the passage, whence I could overhear all that took place."

"Now, look here, Barrington," said my husband, impetuously, "I will have no more nonsense. As for a free pardon, or even a conditional pardon, at present, it is out of the question. In getting you a ticket of leave I have done all that I possibly can; and, as I am a living man, I give you fair warning that if you do not keep faith with me, I will undo what I have already done."

A free pardon! What? Let you loose upon the sojourn of England again? The Colonial Secretary would scout the idea, and severely censure the governor for recommending such a thing. You know, as well as I do, that if you returned to England to-morrow, and had an income of five thousand a year, you would never be able to keep those fingers of your quiet."

"Well, I think you are right, major," said the illustrious personage.

"Then you will write that letter at once?"

"I will. But on one condition."

"Another condition?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is that condition? You have so many conditions that I begin to think the necklace will not be forthcoming after all. And, if it be not, by—"

"Do not excite yourself to anger, major. I give you my honor—"

"Your honor! Nonsense! What I want is, the jewel restored to its owner."

"And it shall be, on condition that you will not be offended, grievously offended, with me for what I have done this day!"

"What is that?"

"Summon your good wife, and let her bear witness both for and against me."

"My husband opened the drawing-room door, and called out 'Bessie!'"

"As soon as I had made my appearance, Barrington stated the case—all that had transpired—with minute accuracy; nay, more, he acted the entire scene in such a way that it became a little comedy in itself; the characters being himself, myself and the children, all of which characters he represented with such humor that my husband and myself were several times in fits of laughter. Barrington, however, did not even smile. He affected to regard the little drama (and this made it the more amusing) as a very serious business."

"This play over, my husband again put to Barrington the question: 'Will you write that letter at once?'"

"Yes," he replied, "I will; for I see that I am forgiven the liberty I was tempted to take," and seating himself at the table he wrote:

"MR. BARRINGTON presents his compliments to Mr. —, and requests that a sealed packet marked D.N. No. 27, be immediately delivered to the bearer of this note. In the event of this request not being complied with, Mr. Barrington will have an opportunity ere long of explaining to Mr. —, in Sydney, New South Wales, that he (Mr. —) has been guilty of an act of egregious folly."

"Fourteen months passed away when, one morning, my husband received a letter from a gentleman in the Colonial Office. He clasped his hands, cried 'Bravo!' and then read to me as follows:

"MY DEAR MAJOR—The great pickpocket has been as good as his word. My lady is again in possession of her brilliants. Do whatever you can for Barrington in the colony; but keep a sharp eye upon him, lest he should come back and once more get hold of that necklace."

"My husband sent for Barrington to inform him of the result of his letter, and he took an opportunity of asking the illustrious man if there were any other valuables which he would like to restore to the original owners?"

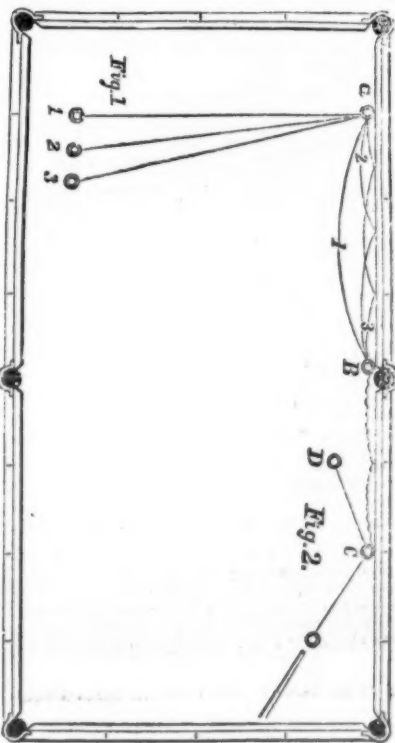
"Thank you—no!" was the reply. "There are, it is true, sundry little articles in safe custody at home; but, as it is impossible to say what may be in the future, they had better for the present stand in my own name!"

## A MAN PERJURING HIMSELF AT THE VERY POINT OF DEATH.

We now and then read in the pages of sensation novelists thrilling scenes of villains "dying game," as it is called in the slang classics; and love has sometimes, as in the case of Desdemona, slightly tortured the truth to save the loved one. Dying declarations of innocence on the scaffold are common, and easily accounted for by the futile expectation of pardon, but we question if a more singular case of perjury *in articulo mortis* than the instance we are about quoting ever happened.

It appears that the unhappy man had a spite against Baldwin, but let us hope that his dying declaration proceeded from a mistaken head, and not a depraved heart:

"An extraordinary case of poisoning has just been investigated in Herefordshire. A man named Thomas Passey, a farm laborer, who resided at the village of Adforton, on the borders of Salop and Hereford, died on the 31st ult., from the effects of poison. He was attended by a medical man, whom he told that he had had a quantity of naphtha given to him; and accordingly, the surgeon, seeing that he was at the point of death, advised that his deposition should be taken, and that was done before Mr. Mason, a county magistrate. The deposition was to the effect that on the 23d of March Passey was at the Cross Keys beer-house, at Clungunford, where he saw several persons, including a saddler, named John Lewis; that they had some conversation, and that Lewis sent him down to Clungunford House, the residence of Mr. John Locke, banker, of Shrewsbury, with a message to his groom, Clement Baldwin, that he was to come up to the Cross Keys, and bring 'the little bottle' with him. He deposed that he delivered the message and that Baldwin returned with him, bringing with him a small bottle. The deposition continues, 'I was drinking some cider, and Baldwin said he would give me some gin in it. I said I would not have it, but whilst I was walking about the room I saw him take the bottle from his pocket



OUR BILLIARD LESSON—KISSES AND SIDE STROKES. SEE PAGE 396.



and pour a quantity of whitish liquid into the cider. I thought it was whiskey or gin, and would do me no harm, so I drank it off. At ten o'clock that night I went into a stable toilet to lay down, but I was immediately seized with a dreadful burning pain in my stomach and bowels, which got worse. I had some cider from the farmhouse in the morning, but I lay in the toilet from the Wednesday night until the following Tuesday morning; I had not a bit of food all the time. I then managed to crawl home with great difficulty. I am convinced my illness is caused by what Baldwin put into my cider, it has so inflamed and burnt my inside."

"Immediately the deposition was taken Passey put his 'mark' to it, and instantly fell back dead. The inquest took place on Monday last, before Mr. Underwood, when evidence was adduced which showed conclusively that the deposition of the dying man was entirely and completely false. The landlady of the Cross Keys deposed that Clement Baldwin never was in her house on the 23d, and her testimony was satisfactorily corroborated. A man named C. Jones said he saw Passey on the night following the 23d in the toilet above mentioned, and he did not seem ill, but was 'moped.' They had some cider together. The farm laborer on the premises where the deceased took refuge, said he found him there on the 24th, but he went away before nightfall. In the stable was a bottle of vitriol, which the witness used to give among the horse food, and on the 25th he found that the bottle had been opened, and it was probable the deceased might have tasted the contents. Evidence was brought forward to show how Baldwin passed the 23d, and it was proved that he could not have been at the public-house, nor did the deceased come to Clungunford House with a message for him from Lewis. Mr. Jackman, the surgeon, who attended the deceased, found that death resulted from the effects of vitriol or sulphuric acid, which had caused extensive inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The coroner addressed the jury at some length, pointing out the remarkable manner in which the dying deposition of the deceased had been contradicted; and after deliberating briefly, the jury found the following verdict: 'We find that Thomas Passey died from the effects of poison, but what that poison was or who administered it there is no evidence to show, but that probably he took it himself. That the deposition of the deceased is false, and that Clement Baldwin is not in any way implicated in his death.'"

#### A FRENCH HUSBAND.

A most interesting case has lately been tried in France. We notice it chiefly on account of the bearing it has upon a recent tragedy at Washington. Prosper Ferrand, a cotton spinner of some property, was tried for the murder of his wife and her lover Louis Armengaud, both of whom he caught in *flagrante delicto*. He thereupon drew his dagger, and stabbed them both to the heart.

A French paper says:

"The people of Mazamet did not question the fact of the woman's adultery; the dissoluteness of her manners did not permit a doubt of it. Nevertheless they incupitated the husband, and brought against him a charge of murder. No one thought that Ferrand, who had been so often the witness of his wife's misconduct, had been able for this single time to be indignant, and to feel the impulse of the irrepressible vengeance which love and honor inspire in the outraged husband, and which the law pardons. He had coolly assassinated two defenceless persons in their sleep, and it is in vain that he counted upon the silence in the midst of which he committed the double crime."

With that philosophical refinement which distinguishes French law, the Procureur was not content with taking the fact as it stood, but treated the act as one step in a dance of crime. He did not judge it on its literal merits, but as the last letter of an alphabet which gave significance to that particular one:

"According to the charge, Ferrand, the husband, had ministered to the debauchery of his wife, by alluring to her company various young men, one of whom was the victim of Armengaud. It was proved that he had accepted and spent the money-presents which they sometimes made her. It was, besides, ascertained that on the very evening in question he had sent Armengaud to the woman, and had a short time after said to some friends with whom he was, that he must go home, and that they would subsequently hear of a startling event."

"This left little doubt that he had contemplated killing the couple, and had consequently been guilty of murder. As to his motives for the crime, there was reason to suppose that he had projected a marriage with another woman, and was therefore anxious to get rid of his wife; and that in order to attain this end with impunity, he had deemed it necessary to kill her lover as well as her, so as to have the excuse of their adultery."

"For this reason the Court, under articles 295 and 304 of the Penal Code, declared Ferrand guilty of the murder of his wife, Victoire Bouisset, and of Louis Armengaud, and he was accordingly sentenced to death."

This case shows that, according to the criminal law of France, the antecedents of the husband who kills the seducer of his wife have much weight in determining the character of his offence and the measure of his penalty.

**Seduction and Death.**—The frequency of crime among the clergy and church authorities is becoming so painfully common that it will soon be necessary to exclude them altogether from female society. We have hitherto avoided mentioning these cases, out of a respect to the cause of religion, but we shall in future punish these revered and pious black sheep by publishing their portraits. The *Troy Whig* supplies us with the particulars of one of the latest instances of a pious rascal, the scene being North Adams, Mass.:

"It seems that some year and a half ago a Mr. Littlefield, on the recommendation of the Bank Commissioners of Massachusetts, was assigned the cashiership of the North Adams Bank, and with his family took up his residence in that village. His position, respectable relatives and attention to church duties won for him at once the confidence of the community. He early became conspicuous as a member of the choir in one of the churches. Among the female members of the choir was the daughter of a very respectable North Adams merchant. She was between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and said to have been beautiful as she was youthful. An intimacy between Littlefield and the young lady followed a short acquaintance, but it was never suspected to exceed the bounds of propriety. Late last week she was taken violently ill, and on Saturday died."

Before her death she revealed the fact that she had been seduced by Littlefield, and that very recently she made known to him the circumstance that it would be impossible for her long to hide the evidence of her guilt. On this, according to her statement, Littlefield proposed that she should take medicine that he would procure for her, which he said would end all her troubles without harm to herself or making her condition known to others. To this she gladly assented, and soon afterwards took medicine which he procured. The result was her dangerous illness, subsequent revelation to her parents, and death late on Saturday night."

**One More from Mrs. Partington.**—"How limpid you walk," said a voice behind us, as we were making a hundred and fifty horse power effort to reach a table whereon reposed a volume of Bacon; "what is the cause of your lameness?"

It was Mrs. Partington's voice that spoke, and Mrs. Partington's eyes that met the glance we returned over our left shoulder.

"Gout," said we, briefly, almost surlily.

"Dear me," said she, "you are highly favored! It was only rich people and episcopes in living that had the gout in old times."

"Ah!" we growled, partly in response and partly with an infernal twinge. "Poor soul!" she continued, with commiseration, like any one, in the tones of her voice, "the best remedy I know for it is an embrocation of roman wormwood and lobelia for the part infected, though some say a cranberry poultice is best, but I believe the cranberries is for erisipellis, and whether either of 'em is a rostrum for the gout or not I declare I really don't know. If it was a fraction of the arm I could just know what to subscribe."

We looked into her eye with a determination to say something severely bitter, because we felt alopathetic just then; but the kind and sympathizing look that met our own disarmed severity, and sinking into a seat with our coveted Bacon, we thanked her. It was very evident all the while that she or they stayed, that like was seeing how near he could come to our lame member and not touch it. He did touch it sometimes, but those didn't count.

**Not Making Much Headway.**—"As I rode along the banks of the river," said my jolly friend, the Doctor, who resides near Louisville, "I observed two flat-boats lying side by side, and, as it was Sunday, I thought I might find the crews engaged in worship, and accordingly went on board. I was not disappointed. The crews had joined in their religious services, and, when I arrived, were singing a hymn with a rousing chorus in these words, 'There's no sorrow there!' At the close of the hymn a lusty brother stood up and in a voice of thunder shouted, 'Yes, brethren, there's no sorrow in heaven! And why not?—because in the words of this heavenly hymn, there's no sorrow there!' There," said the Doctor, "that's what I call coming out of the same hole you went in at."

**A Lady** writer describing a sea-sickness that she had experienced many years before, mentions it as even then "coming up" before her.

**Pretty Excuse for a Wife-Beater.**—"The treasure which we value most we hide."

#### OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

#### OUR BILLIARD LESSON—KISSES AND SIDE STROKES.

The student should pay particular attention to figure 1 of the accompanying diagram, as there are certain principles represented by it, the knowledge of which is highly essential.

**EXPLANATION OF FIGURE 1.**—The balls numbered 1, 2 and 3 in this figure represent the cue ball, that marked A, the object ball, and B, the one to be caromed on; the lines marked 1, 2 and 3 show the course the cue ball of their respective numbers will take.

For example: Play ball 1 from the position represented with Q.P. 2½; strike it ¾ A., hitting the object ball ¾ R., and the carom will be effected by the "kiss." Then play ball 2 with the same strength, striking it ¾ A. ¾ R., hitting the object ball ¾ R., and the carom will be effected by the cue ball describing curves similar to those marked by line 2. Again, playing ball 3, strike it ¾ R. ¾ A. with Q.P. 3½, and the carom on ball B. will be effected by a sort of hugging tendency of the cue ball, which will form curves similar to those represented by line 3.

In all of these strokes the cue ball has a following tendency, caused by the cue striking it above the centre, and the consequence is that it hugs the cushion. In No. 1 this tendency is effected by the simple stroke above the centre, but in Nos. 2 and 3 the cue ball also requires striking to the right as well as above the centre, owing to its relative position to the object ball.

In No. 2 ¾ R. is sufficient to effect this purpose, but in No. 3 the cue ball must be struck ¾ R., in consequence of the greater acuteness of the angle formed by the lines drawn from it to the object ball, and from the latter to ball B. If, in these two strokes, the cue ball were struck to the left, it would either stop under the cushion, or take a direction to the left—the very opposite to that which the striker intended it should take.

**FIGURE 2.**—To play on ball C, and carom on ball D: strike the cue ball ¾ L. with Q.P. 1, hitting the object ball dead full.

To carom on ball B: hit the object ball dead full; strike the cue ball ¾ A. with Q.P. 2½.

#### THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

**BILLIARD MATCH IN CINCINNATI.**—PHIL TIEMAN AGAINST G. J. ARNOLD, THE ACTOR.—The match between Phil Tieman, the champion billiard player of Cincinnati, and George J. Arnold, manager of the Wells troupe, which we announced as made, came off on the 5th inst., at Boman & Tieman's billiard saloon; the terms of the match were that Tieman should play the carom game against Arnold's full game, 500 points.

As the saloon was open to all, a dense crowd was present, but there was sufficient space kept clear around the table to allow the players, umpires and reporters a ample room.

The Commercial says, that precisely at five minutes past twelve the game commenced. John McCelland being chosen umpire for Arnold, and William Statler for Tieman, J. M. Scott being, by mutual consent, appointed game-keeper. Previously to the play, Mr. McCelland announced that persons intending to bet were expected to make their bets up before the commencement of the game, as silence after the players commenced would be strictly enjoined.

The play then commenced, Tieman winning the lead, but no harm was done for several shots; at length Tieman went in and made a beautiful run of 77, keeping the balls together, and touching them lightly as a Zephyr's breath. It was speedily seen that poor Arnold had no chance. In his fourteenth inning, Tieman was 60 ahead. Arnold then made 18 and pocketed his ball. Half an hour's play, and the score stood Tieman, 156; Arnold, 88. At the next innings Arnold reduces the odds to 40, and this was the nearest approach during the play. Tieman then made another run of 77, and subsequently one of 75; the largest number scored by Arnold being 40 at the twenty-sixth inning, the score being Tieman, 246; Arnold, 161; and from thence it was Nicholas Longworth's estate to a dividend of the Ohio Life and Trust Company. Tieman made his last big run on the twenty-seventh inning, when he scored 75 in handsome style, principally upon the red balls, and around the table. By this time all interest in the game had ceased, for it was plain that Arnold had not a ghost of a chance. In fact, Tieman himself played carelessly, and finally scored the 500 points, his opponent having 137 yet to make.

The game throughout was marked by many beautiful shots, evidencing both players to be master hands. The last carom, and the one which ended the contest, exhibited the highest knowledge and was executed with a precision that we have never seen equalled.

**BILLIARDS IN ENGLAND.**—We learn by the last number of *Bell's Life*, that John Roberts, of Liverpool, the English billiard champion, has made a match, to be played in the Royal Hotel, in Hull, against Mr. John Bradley, marker at the Royal Oak, Hull, for £20 a side, twenty-one games of 100 each, Mr. Roberts giving Mr. Bradley 50 points out of each 100. We believe that Mr. Roberts has never yet been beaten in any stated public match.

**REMOVAL.**—The extensive billiard table manufactory of Messrs. Connor & Colclander is in process of removal, the increased demand for Phelan's Patent Combination Cushioned Tables rendering it absolutely necessary for them to occupy larger premises. These have been found at Nos. 45, 67 and 69 Crosby street, known as the old Medical College, which have been leased for a term of years, although, in order to supply present demands, they will still hang out their flag at 63 Ann street, until the above-named premises are fitted up.

#### PHASES OF LIFE—THE DANCE GIRL.

STELL, having at last risen from her seat, ascended to the second story of the house, entered the apartments which she called her home—uncarpeted, unwashed, unwept, unfurnished. Home! What a misuse of language! The tipsy father was not there. The inebriate mother was lying on a bed in an adjoining closet. Stell looked in there and darted one glance of disgust at that heap of drunken womankind tumbled up among the dirty bed clothes. Stell went to a cupboard, seeking a dinner. A bottle stood on the lowest shelf; she dashed it indignantly to the floor. She searched for something else, and found one poor crust of bread and half-a-dozen miserable potatoes. She looked at the stove; not a spark of fire in it; no apparent means of kindling one. She threw the potatoes back, ate the crust of bread, and seated herself on the only chair the room afforded, with her back to the window and her eyes fixed on vacancy.

Stell was thinking; not of hunger—she was used to that—but of something that had often come into her mind during the last twelve months, since she had been promoted from the sidewalk to the hardly more respectable boards of an obscure theatre—something that her interview with Bertie Hartsum to-day had revived with new force; it was—how to become respectable? how to better her condition? how to be another than "the brat," "the vixen," "the hussy," whom men, women and children saluted with oaths or jests, or insulting pity? What could she do? Ask advice of her mother? There she was, beastly drunk; and if she were not, the little sense she once had was gone. Her father? He, too, was seldom sober; and when he was, he was spiritless and nerveless, and had lost hope for himself and all the world besides.

She knew she must depend upon herself alone. And what should she do? The first thing was to get clothes; her woman's instinct suggested this; her knowledge of the world endorsed it. Dress was power. Did she not know it? Stell in dirt and tatters in the street was hustled, hooted and despised. The same Stell, tricked up in finery and the mere tinsel of showy costumes in the theatre, commanded respectful and almost kindly treatment. She must have clothes. To get these was a first and a long step towards the greater need she felt—the greater good she craved—instruction, learning, education. Dress for the body, dress for the mind; and Stell's notions of both were of a very ornamental kind. Both could be bought; how could she get the money? Her wages at the theatre were paid to her father; she never handled a cent of them, save when sent on an errand. She must earn money for herself. How? The woman up stairs, in the attic, sewed, and got money, but got very little, and grew paler and thinner every day. Stell loved life and liberty if she were wretched. No; she would not barter them for money, even if the attic seamstress would take the trouble to teach her. What else then? Sell newspapers? She could fight the boys if they teased her. Or sell oranges? But how to begin? Where get money for the first outlay?

Stell was in perplexity. She went down stairs, and took her seat again on the topmost stone step; that was her usual thinking-place. The alley, foul as it was, was better than the wretched room within doors. She could see the sky from there; and many a night hour had she sat shivering on that door-step, gazing up into the starlight patch of heaven above her head, weaving new fictions out of the old plays she had seen acted at the theatre. Sometimes, too, an adventurous wind, sweet and refreshing with the taste of purer atmospheres, would find its way into the alley. There was one at that very moment. It came with a flurry, rushing about, trying to find a way out of the dirty alley. Besides rattling shutters, rolling away an empty barrel, and raising a great dust, it disarranged Stell's hair. Peevishly, because it interrupted her thoughts, she untied the

string and let the whole mass of braids—long, broad, narrow and intersecting braids—fall upon her neck. Then rapidly and dexterously she restored them to order, emptying her mouth of hair-pins as fast as her hands could fly from that receptacle to her head above. It was a lucky accident. It gave her the missing thought.

She had it—she could dress hair! The German wife of the Italian organ-grinder, who had first employed her saltatory talents, had taught her this art. She had since practised it with the devotion of an enthusiast to a single accomplishment. Her skill had been acknowledged even in the green-room of the theatre, the highest umpire of taste within the scope of her experience. Yes, she could and would be a hairdresser; and her two vocations of *coiffeur* and *danseuse* need not interfere; in the one capacity she would provide for her own wants, and in the other keep her parents with rum and other necessities of life. In the excitement of the moment she executed a *pas seul* of the liveliest description in the dirty alley, to the admiration of the lazy women loitering about at windows and doorways, and then darted up stairs to put herself in readiness for the immediate execution of her purpose. There was a hairdresser a few blocks off. She had often passed his shop and loitered at the door to catch some new idea or learn the latest style. She had even known him to be employed by the very distinguished actresses who sustained the first parts in the theatre where she danced. She would go to him and offer her services at once. She regained the second floor, and proceeded to hunt up her hat and to scrutinise her wardrobe.

Alas! the old dilemma occurred. She had plenty of rags, torn costumes that had once added to the splendor of scenic effects, but she had not one complete, honest, decent dress—not one that would not be likely to insure her speedy ejection from any respectable establishment she might venture into. Her clothes might answer for begging bread in, which she would not do, but not for begging work in, which she longed to do. As this conviction slowly gained possession of her mind, Stell grew imbecile. She neither wept nor exclaimed aloud against her fate, nor sighed and moaned, but she sank down on the floor in a state of hopeless inaction, and there she lay, it might have been for half-an-hour—a lazy, good-for-naught, as many a one would have called her—in reality, helpless could-do-naught.

#### PICCOLOMINI EATS A CORN DODGER, And Shakes Hands with a Wolverine.

WHILE Piccolomini was at the Biddle House in this city, a characteristic incident occurred, which was quite the delight of the numerous admirers of the little princess, and which showed, to a charming degree, the peculiar love of admiration and popularity which she unmistakably possesses. There had been lodging at the same hotel, for a few days, a genuine specimen of the untamed Wolverine—one of the rough, hearty, backwoods style of old fellows, bluffed and outspoken, and a great contemner of city airs and frivolities. Having a pocket full of money, he was enjoying himself on the fat of the land. Having satiated on the first-class fare of the house before his money had half run out, he began to long for some of the old-fashioned diet, and the first article that suggested itself to his roving fancy was the familiar corn dodger which had been the solace of his cabin from his youth up. Being impulsive as well as bluff, he lost no time in applying to his obliging host, who, much to his dissatisfaction, was obliged to inform him that he had not a cook in the house who could make a corn dodger, adding, also, that there probably was not one in the city who ever heard of such a thing.

Not to be daunted, however, our hero made a straight walk for an eating-house, and by dint of energetic management, succeeded in getting one made, having stood over the cook and superintended the whole operation. He was in his glory that night as he was seated at the table with his big corn dodger before him, and all the company wondering what on earth it was. Directly opposite it happened that Piccolomini was placed, and no eyes were wider spread than the brown orbs which illuminate the childish face of the petite Sienese. The little minx looked at the corn dodger, which was as big as a half bushel, and then gazed at her male companion in the prettiest of all puzzlements. Then she laughed a little, and leaned forward so as to look in the face of the old fellow, giving him a glance full of the most radiant *diablerie* that ever mortal saw in woman's eye. He was quite fascinated, but mistook the cause. He honestly thought that Piccolomini wanted some of his corn dodger, and seizing his knife with a glowing countenance and pleasing expression, he ejaculated:

"Have a piece, miss?"

A puzzled expression overspread the pretty face opposite for a moment, but a sudden light dawned upon it, followed by a merry laugh and such a clapping of hands. Then a succession of nods ensued, which signified assent to the delighted trader. He lost no time in carving out a huge piece, which he passed over on the point of his knife. It wasn't much of a bite for him, but the little prima donna could barely clasp it in both hands, as she received it in high glee. She looked at it with a delightful bewilderment for a moment, and then with a rueful face at the predicament in which she had got herself, put her teeth to it. She nibbled at it like a mouse, smiled an angelic smile, took a second nibble, and laughed as heartily as a school-girl. Then she deposited it on one side of her plate—it covered up two-thirds of it—and with a relieved air, returned her thanks.

"Zat ees ver-ee coot, my frien', I sink he ees mos', vat you call him?—mos', mos'—ex-cel-lent."

"No, you don't say so?" exclaimed the delighted trader. "He'd a tho't it, by jimminy? Give us yer hand, sissy!" and he fairly jumped out of his chair as he stretched out a brawny palm clear across the table, which was grasped with a half-fearful and half-comical expression by the jewelled hand of the little princess. The scene created an uproar, and there was no end of hilarity and good humor, in which none more heartily participated than Piccolomini. —*Detroit Free Press.*

#### LOVE AND MURDER IN BAVARIA.

AN extraordinary sensation was caused at Munich a few months ago by the trial before the Court of Assizes of Upper Bavaria, of a gentleman named Ferner, on the charge of having, in October last, shot dead a young lady named Sanguinetti. Ferner, who, though only twenty-two years of age, is a doctor of civil law of the university of Munich, and author of a highly esteemed work on Roman law, and who besides is skilled both in painting and music, made the acquaintance at a ball in September last of Mlle. Sanguinetti, sixteen years of age, daughter of an eminent Bavarian sculptor. He at once fell passionately in love with her, and was, at his request, allowed by her parents to pay his addresses. She appeared to receive him with favor, but when, after the lapse of a few weeks, he proposed marriage, she returned an evasive reply, and she afterwards said to some of her friends—in order to have it repeated to him—that, though she entertained a high esteem for his character and talents, she did not think he was rich enough to give her the position in society to which she thought herself entitled. Instead of accepting his rejection quietly he became more pressing for the young lady's hand, but met with a decided refusal, and was told not to visit her again.

In October he was summoned to the town of Aserole, where his parents reside, and he sent a message to Mlle. Sanguinetti that, if before his departure she would not give him an interview, he would commit suicide. Alarmed at this threat she agreed to meet him in the evening of the 7th in her father's garden. Shortly after she had gone to him in the garden a report of a pistol was heard. M. and Madame Sanguinetti rushed out with lights, and to their horror they found their daughter lying on the ground bathed in blood; she had been shot right in the heart, and was quite dead. An hour later Ferner gave himself into the custody of the police as the murderer of the young lady. After perpetrating the crime he had, he said, gone to the English garden with the intention of committing suicide; but the idea that suicide was a crime suddenly occurred to him, and he preferred giving himself up to justice. He added that, resolving to murder the young lady and then to commit suicide, he hoped to be united to her after death. After the preceding facts had been stated to the Court, the inquiry was made if the man was sound in his mind. Medical men said that he was; and he himself declared that he considered himself sane, and had never had any mental malady, neither had he ever heard that any member of his family had been afflicted with insanity. The jury declared that he had killed the young lady, but without deliberate premeditation, and the Court condemned him to be imprisoned for twelve years in a fortress.



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**THE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.**—This learned body, composed of the elected and self-elected lights of medicine, held its semi annual meeting on Wednesday evening. Among the grave questions brought before it for discussion was that of "enduring patent medicines!" Of course whatever such learned men discuss and pronounce upon should be respectfully accepted by the public, for what do "common people," as one of the Academicians said the other day, know about drugs? One gentleman was opposed to the Academy's endorsing medicines which had been patented, on the ground that "money should not be made of any one's misery." A most laudable expression, but we would ask what would become of the individuals who compose the sapient body if they had not misery, and that too of the most excruciating kind, to make money out of? Another gentleman, quite as intelligent as the mover, rose to second the resolution, enforcing the proposition by assuring his co-Academicians that "if this thing were permitted to continue, Mr. GAYTETTY'S medicated paper (which, we believe, can be obtained at No. 41 Ann street), might be brought in by and bye, and then it would go forth on the advertising carls that 'Gayetty's Paper' was endorsed by the Academy!" Poor fellow, that would be too bad. We wonder if Gayetty's Paper is really put under ban by the second, or is it a matter of private rather than of public consideration with him whether it should be used or refused? We ask this question out of no disrespect to the faculty, for we can hardly believe them to be such dolts as to refuse—that is, if their professions are sincere—an article which has done and is doing more for the removal of piles than all the medicines that were ever devised or prescribed for the same purpose. Fortunately for the reputation of the Academy, the Chair advised the members to refrain from discussing the subject further, as he believed that if an article was really useful, the public would thank them for recommending it. To be sure they would, and if they desire to retain its confidence, the sooner they endorse Gayetty's Medicated Paper the better. 181

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| Union Club,             | Electric Club           |
| Manhattan Club,         | City Club               |
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| Union Association,      | Manhattan Racket        |
| Brooklyn Club,          | Brooklyn, L. I.         |
| Somerset Club,          | Boston, Mass.           |
| Temple Club,            | Boston, Mass.           |
| Summer St. Club,        | Boston, Mass.           |
| Union Club,             | Philadelphia            |
| Philadelphia Club,      | Philadelphia            |
| Baltimore Club,         | Baltimore, Md.          |
| Germania Club,          | Baltimore, Md.          |
| Maryland Club,          | Baltimore, Md.          |
| Richmond Club,          | Richmond, Va.           |
| Charleston Club,        | Charleston, S. C.       |
| Newport Club,           | Newport                 |
| Natches Club,           | Natches, Miss.          |
| Pelican Club,           | New Orleans, La.        |
| Boston Club,            | New Orleans, La.        |
| Savannah Club,          | Savannah, Ga.           |
| Wilkesbarre Club,       | Wilkesbarre, Pa.        |
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| Union Club,             | St. Paul, M. I.         |
| Beaufort Club,          | South Carolina          |
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- |                           |                                      |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| New York Hotel            | Brevoort House                       |
| Everett House             | German Hotel                         |
| Hone House                | Compton House                        |
| National House            | Murray Hill Hotel                    |
| Colwell's                 | 18th st. and 8th Avenue, (up stairs) |
| Revere House              | Boston, Mass.                        |
| Tremont House             | Boston, Mass.                        |
| Eutaw House               | Baltimore, Md.                       |
| American Hotel            | Richmond, Va.                        |
| St. Charles Hotel         | Richmond, Va.                        |
| Ocean House               | Portsmouth, Va.                      |
| Brown's Hotel             | Macon, Ga.                           |
| Lanier House              | Macon, Ga.                           |
| Anglo-American Hotel      | Hamilton, C. W.                      |
| Clinton House             | Niagara Falls, C. W.                 |
| Tremont House             | Chicago, Ill.                        |
| Planter's Hotel           | Atlanta, Ga.                         |
| Trout House               | " "                                  |
| Verandah Saloon           | Troy, N. Y.                          |
| Pavilion Hotel            | Sharon Springs, N. Y.                |
| Equinox House             | Manchester, Vt.                      |
| Yngvess Hall              | Albany, N. Y.                        |
| Weddel House              | Cleveland, Ohio                      |
| Old-Fellow's Hall         | Hoboken, N. J.                       |
| Gover's Saloon            | New Rochelle, N. Y.                  |
| McCormick's Rooms         | Philadelphia, Pa.                    |
| Bird's Rooms              | Philadelphia, Pa.                    |
| McElroy's Rooms           | Baltimore, Md.                       |
| Ellicott's Rooms          | Washington, D. C.                    |
| Miller's Rooms            | New Orleans, La.                     |
| Thompson's Rooms          | New Haven, Conn.                     |
| Staples and Winchester    | Norwich, Conn.                       |
| Burch's                   | Washington, D. C.                    |
| Ainsworth's Rooms         | Saratoga, N. Y.                      |
| Jones' Rooms              | Columbus, Ga.                        |
| Mahaffey's Rooms          | Columbus, Ga.                        |
| Ennis's Rooms             | Atlanta, Ga.                         |
| Wright's Rooms            | Trenton, N. J.                       |
| Whipple's Rooms           | Providence, R. I.                    |
| Metropolitan Hall         | St. Paul, M. T.                      |
| Whipple's Rooms           | Detroit, Mich.                       |
| Simpsey's Rooms           | Fort Huron, Mich.                    |
| Mason's Rooms             | Albany, N. Y.                        |
| McCarthy's Rooms          | St. Louis Mo                         |
| Painter's Rooms           | Mauch Chunk, Pa.                     |
| Lampson's Rooms           | Mobile, Ala.                         |
| Gillesby's Rooms          | Hamilton, C. W.                      |
| Lyman's                   | Montgomery, Ala.                     |
| "Bon Ton"                 | Memphis, Tenn.                       |
| Robinson's Rooms          | Jackson, "                           |
| Sharpesteen & Cornhelisen | Wilmington, N. C.                    |
| Doty's Rooms              | Chicago, Ill.                        |
| Murphy's Rooms            | Cleveland, Ohio                      |
| Marr's Rooms              | Washington, D. C.                    |
| Tiemann's Rooms           | Cincinnati, Ohio                     |
| Pettibone's Rooms         | Claiborne, Ala.                      |
| Dart's Rooms              | Montgomery, Ala.                     |

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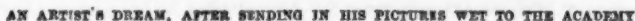
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